

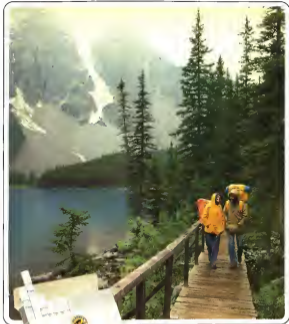
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MAY 14, 1979

Catching up with Nicole

CONTENTS

[illegible]



Catching up with Riopelle

By Marc McDonald

He moves, as he paints, purely by instinct. Like some magnificent, untrained creature of the wild, he raises his shaggy, lion's-pawed to the prevailing currents and takes his directional signals from there. One day, those who are allowed to approach that zone find him in the huge airy atelier where Monet once used to stretch outside Paris, throwing himself across a canvas in a blur of vermilion. The next, he turns up at Montreal's Mirabel airport, passport stuffed in one shaggy jacket pocket, as hazy as a cucumber, destination still to be worked out. Maybe it will be an expedition with old comrades to Baile's Island in pursuit of the elusive Arctic deer. Maybe he will coast himself in the log cabin studio he has built on the shores of Quebec's Lac Masson. The details are not important. What matters is the moment. And neither time nor fortune nor, at 58, his first embolism nor as one of the world's most abstract expressionists—a term he detests in this day—has dimmed the appetite of Jean-Paul Riopelle to live it at its most intense.

That compulsion has made him one of Canada's most celebrated and successful painters, an acknowledged international master who remains a mystery to the better part of his countrymen. No Canadian artist has won such esteem on the world stage, from capturing the extreme peaks in the 1960 Venice Biennale to being honored with a personal retrospective eight years ago at Paris's Grand Palais. The galleries which represent him are the most prestigious in two continents. His commissions range from the original mural at Toronto's International Airport to the mammoth bronze fountain of water, Indian figures and forest beasts which dominated the main square of Montreal's Olympic Games.

But as his reputation has become legend, the public sightings have become rare and increasingly unpredict-

able. Gallery owners now know better than to expect Riopelle to turn up at his own openings. Friends never count on a rendezvous until they have focused on him in the flesh.

In the 30 years since he was first recognized as the most outstanding of a group of young Quebec artists gathered around painter Paul-Émile Borduas, who called themselves Automatistes and published the explosive *Reflex Global*—



Jean-Paul Riopelle: from lively look to Canada's least known word-averse artist

the first act of defiance by a collective Quebec consciousness—Riopelle has emerged from the protective coloration of a small, self-created universe into the *l'extérieur* alive barely a dozen times. The revelations have been both pitiful and cryptic, leaving scholars and photographers to scribble after scattered clues as they stalk their quarry, as if to be passed down by explanation would be to lose the primordial energy which drives him.

Finally, after two years of negotiations, Riopelle consented to an interview, provided he could pick the time and common ground. The place was not making a vacation at the moment and besides there were some monumental windings to clear up, not the least being his current exhibit at Paris's Galerie Maeght, his first in two years

Acquainted to his passionate outbursts of pigment, the critics had reacted in shock when confronted with four walls hung in turbulent arrangements of black and white, all entitled *Endless*. There were hints that the artist had not, perhaps, been feeling quite himself.

Across the broadened afternoon gloom of a Paris wintering, Riopelle seemed a rusty tool. "You know, maybe I should present that idea," he says. "Take my friend Sam Francis (the American painter). As soon as the critics said he was sick, the press went up."

In fact, there had been rumors about Riopelle's health for personal life was hated to be in upheaval and last year an old hockey knee injury crippled him to the point that he could only walk with the help of crutches and could no longer paint standing up. For an artist whose mammoth canvases were as much a physical as an emotional release, it was doubly debilitating. But he refused the operation which doctors had insisted on, reasoning from the notion of being caged in a hospital, and took to painting sitting down.

Now, the crutches have been tossed away and he rolls along with a limp and a determined grimace, a stubby, eternally shadowed figure, even with sports jacket and tie on, his only prop an ever-present cigarette. Another after cigarette spills out with alcoholism in the bulky Quebecois accent which three decades have done nothing to alter. "After of finding himself a houseguest at the grand Château de Monsieur Rothschild in Bordeaux: 'They take your clothes out of your luggage and put them in the drawers, all covered, as if they weren't wearable before.' Kneading reflections on colors. 'You know, colors are like like colors in a glass. They take on all the colors of everything around them.' And little by little, little by little, 'Me, I always have a big problem with titles. If you put a title like *Persepolis* (jargon), people use only the part in it. They never see anything else.'"

In France, the critics have always been fascinated by his Canadianism, seeing in his lyrical usage of color the autumn panoramas and exotic topography of tourist posters, to the point that he was finally moved to protest: "They always say in front of my pictures: 'Ah, the Canadian forests, the vast spaces seen from so far above that they become an abstract organization.' But I never meant to paint that."



A "typical" Riopelle, his 1964 oil *Endless* ("Forever": "I'm made for color")

The *Reflexes* poured out in furious succession. For the first time, he found himself hanging canvases on the studio walls. "Always when I finish a painting I turn it around, facing the walls, to forget it," he says. "There were the first to meet live with I planned white walls. I only stopped when I ran out of space. It was the end of the series." In the year and a half since, all his work has been vivid and blood red. But at the gallery, it was decided not to mix them, and now he worries: "I'm made for color. I have the impression that someone who doesn't know my work at all would see this show and say, 'Oh, he's not much.'"

There have been fears that Riopelle was following Borduas, whose palette became increasingly gloomy in his later years, the final canvas on his easel when he died in 1966 totally black. But he waves off the comparison as quickly as he dispenses with the notion that Borduas was his teacher. "When we talked in his office, we never said a word about painting. I suppose he taught painting. But we talked about everything else."

They were a merry, rebellious little band who assembled around the prickly older artist at Montreal's Ecole du Meuble. Riopelle, the son of a prosperous Montreal station designer who had passed on the love of drawing, had taken art lessons since he was a child, a

city boy who fell in love with depicting nature scenes and owls. At 17, he stopped painting for two years to study mathematics, but when he saw his first van Goghs at a Montreal museum, he was turned back to the brush.

It was Borduas who inspired by French surrealist André Breton and the movement to explore the unconscious through art—defined the term *automatism* as "every unpremeditated gesture or work." Spontaneity became their poster—so potent by the 1940s, after the *Jeune Tendance* were to follow. When the automatists first showed in Montreal in 1947 people were agitated. But already the critics had scribbled out 23-year-old Riopelle for his energy which "burst out of the frame." That year they were invited to exhibit at Paris and he went as their spokesman.

He took part in the last great surrealist exhibit at the Galerie Maeght and signed their manifesto on Stakgold and Trotskyism, *Reflexes*, *Jeune Tendance*. When he brought back news of it to Montreal, Borduas decided they should have a manifesto of their own. Fifteen Quebec artists signed the *Reflex Global* (Global Detail) which Borduas wrote, looking out at the Quebec stars who, the *Jeune Tendance* and the automatists of its leaders (not a word about painting) and calling for a "break finally with all the conventional patterns of society, to oppose openly its opportunistic spirit." We shall follow joyfully our violent fight for liberation."

If the rhetoric is so heavy today, it was a scandal in Premier Maurice Duplessis's Quebec of 1948. Borduas was fired and automatism jettisoned on the 400 copies of the illustrated 90-page text. It was the first blow against the fabric of the old Quebec, the first step, as some see it, in the long march that was eventually to lead to René Lévesque and the Parti Québécois. But Riopelle doesn't look on it that way. The *Reflex* was, among other things, a protest against the deliberate cultural isolation of Quebec—a plea for lower consciousness.

"It was the opening for Quebec to be a *metamorphosis*," he says. "So if you're going to be a separatist, you're going on defending your own interests. It's just the opposite. Now, despite three decades of separatism, he finds himself in the curious position of a Quebec federalist—an establishment figure in the province where he was once rebel. "Artists should be apart from politics," he says. "But I think it must be very painful to live in such a context. It's bizarre, what's happening And it could be a tragedy. Me, I'm French Canadian, Catholic and Liberal, and you can put them all in capital letters. But at the same time, the only place where I feel really good myself is in France."

He was a convert from the first moment he set eyes on the countryside from shipboard at Bonaville. Borduas followed him to Paris in 1955, after seven years in New York, but they scarcely saw each other. There were rumors of a vicious rupture. But it was rather the



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Scars: Picabia's Paris shows the crises wondered how he's feeling

discomfort of a mentor who goes unnoticed while his protégé has become a toast of the town. Aging and impoverished, Picabia withdrew into his private darkness, feeding a stomach ache with black coffee and bitterness until he died at 55, spent and alone. The subject still pains Picabia. "I think he wanted to be left alone," he has said.

His own marks poured out in a stream inspired rush from the studio under the eaves in Montparnasse, and into the best galleries and collections. It was the age of abstract expressionism. In New York, Jackson in Paris, and despite his inclinations, he was carried along as its tide. His small museum sold for \$1,000, his large for as much as \$30,000. Time, Life and Newsweek celebrated him.

One Paris critic, on first meeting Picabia, took him for a Hungarian gypsy, an earthy, hawking purveyor of novelty notes and exotica who was always packing himself to the limits, whether in painting or in life. He could segue the night away with Giacometti, then indulge his passion for speed with a nip around a racetrack in one of his vintage cars, including three Bugattis and a 1900 Bristol which will share studio space with his easels. He bought a soapbox with friends in Quebec, a 30-foot railboat for the Mediterranean and one day a few years ago, he went out for a package of cigarettes in the Laurentians and came back with a general



store that he has made into a restaurant in St. Margaret.

But he has always spent his money as he spent his lyrical vision—in great splendor. To plan a painting is another, to live. "If I hesitate, I don't do it," he says. He plunges into a canvas only when the need to paint has built to the crisis point. "This today," as he once described it. Paintings succeed one another in blind joy or fury, hours slip by, days, weeks. He sees no one, sets himself off from life. "When someone asks me how long a painting takes, I'm

incapable of replying," he says. "I lose all notion of time. Others can come and go for their lunch, start again, take something over a picture. Me, never. Mine can paint in front of a crowd. But to make a picture in front of people, I'm completely blocked."

To reflect, to stand back and take a breath, is to signal that the work is finished. "To ask oneself if it's good or not, it's already too late." But just as suddenly as the surge arrives, it can flee. "I'm empty, completely empty. I often go months without working. I go to the studio. Nothing. I close the door." He rises then, the whimsical migrational patterns taking hold, waiting for the next surge that will bring more paintings. Friends say that when he's not working he is depressed. "Artists are always depressed," he snorts, "but if an artist is really depressed, he can't paint at all."

It is a heady roller-coaster existence, full of sweeping highs, but less as well, living at the edge of experience but staying true to some mystical inner circuitry. Time is the alternate opponent. The body worries, the knees buckle. Picabia chafes at the log trouble which has reduced him to the humiliation of an automatic gearbox—"that old bus," he refers derisively to his SUV. The tailcoat, still ascribed at the ready on the Riviera and swirling moor, he hasn't sailed for years.

These days grandchildren from his two daughters of a former marriage clamber through the atelier. He finds himself unconsciously sentimental, burdened down with chains of property and his past on two continents, but unwilling to part with them. "I can't stand the idea of selling," he says. "It costs me a fortune, but I'm incapable of leaving something. Sometimes people leave me, but not all that I have. I keep it."

He has stayed true to the surrealist's commandment more than any other artist. Today, an abstract expressionist is considered a dying form, most of its leading practitioners already buried, he remains one of the first faithful, the last of a nearly extinct species. Bold, he does not shy from his chosen course. "Nothing ever changes," he says. "There is no evolution. An artist only makes one step in life."

The day is fading. He takes one last tug on his beer and rises to go. His plans are all open-ended. "I do nothing right now in work," he says. "More go home—it's coming." He turns to flip off into the throbbing music of a Paris rush hour and disappears again. "But maybe tomorrow morning I'll do something. Who knows?"

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Canadian, sure, but Western Canada first

It may not seem a scintillating way to spend a springtime Saturday but about three dozen Edmontonians craved enough to turn out for a workshop held by the Canada West Foundation. A grey-bearded man, puffing on a cornish pipe, heard about the event on television, a retired schoolteacher was urged to attend by her son, political science students and professors at the University of Alberta passed the word among themselves. They paid their \$10 and spent the day arguing about Canada, its constitution and its political system because, as the schoolteacher said, there's no use crying over spilt milk. The spilt milk, in this case, will be the new form Confederation will take and Westerners from all walks of life are determined that the West will have a stronger voice from now on. They turned up at Canada West's workshops for just that reason, in Saskatoon and Regina, in Prince George, Victoria, Vancouver, Kelowna and, now, Edmonton.

The western yearning for power is not new. But until Canada West was put together in 1975 by some of the West's most powerful men, there wasn't a single coherent body to channel the vagaries. Now there is and if Canadians about Canada's future seem intractable and impatient, Canada West's have an understandable edge because of the po-

lite backing. It, men who have put their party lines on ice to speak with a single, western voice.

If politics makes strange bedfellows, consider the making of a world that brings together Ernest Manning, former Social Credit premier of Alberta, Duff Robble, former Conservative premier of Manitoba, and Ed Schreyer, Manitoba's former NDP premier, now Governor-General. Add some rainers and shakers of industry—Arthur Child, president of Borden Foods Ltd., often called Alberta's largest private employer, and Colquhoun Fred Munro, founder of one of Canada's largest resource conglomerates, Lorain International Ltd.—and you've got clout.

If the power is easily recognized, many are wary about the purposes to which it's being put. Canada West is always having to deny that it's either a western separatist movement and/or the foundation of a new political party.

The confusion is understandable considering its shrouded origins. Canada West's founders were people like the publicly-sky Child who refuses to have his picture taken, the late publisher Max Bell and oil tycoon Frank McManis, who himself announced their intention of establishing a western power base. The precise direction of their initial planning may never be known, a

Canada West insider says the minutes of their meetings were shredded and no one yet, except perhaps the Melton-oid Commission investigating the RCMP, knows details of a rumored plot to kidnap the people involved in certain discussions or setting up Canada West at Bell's ranch near Calgary. "This all took place around the time of the War Measures Act," says the foundation's president Stan Roberts. "You must remember that this was a group of very wealthy men and the big world have been interested in getting some of that money, maybe by kidnapping. More than one meeting was cancelled at the request of the RCMP."

But more lately Canada West has been making a conscious effort to go public. In March it sponsored a 10-day conference that drew everyone from Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed and Saskatchewan's Allan Rock, preaching the gospel of the third option, to Tory MP Flora McDonald and Denise Petrelo's Jack Gallagher. Next came the series of workshops, originally scheduled to cover the four western provinces and aimed at spilling out what average Western Canadians want. However in its dedication to nonpartisan politics, Canada West postponed the rest of the series after Edmonton as soon as the federal election was called. Enough.

Roberts (left) and Robble: a blueprint for an independent West, just in case



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meetings had been held, however, to discover some surprising attitudes among policy workers in Prince George and Vancouver in Victoria.

"The growing up of Westerners in the past year is unbelievable," says Roberts, comparing these workshops with an earlier set. "It now takes 15 minutes for everyone to agree that French education should be a valuable. And it's been six months since I heard anyone say about French being stuffed down their throat." (Right away, the Edmonton workshop marled that remark with a complaint about French on certificates from.)

What interests people, says Roberts, is a radically amended political system in the West would be better heard in the seats of power. "They say holding with a government-appointed Senate is a waste of time. It's the House of Commons that needs holding with in a major way." Workshops were first elective duties, the elimination of confidence

votes in the House of Commons and the weakening of party control over MPs (no public instead of party funding) so western MPs could act for the West without worrying about party lines.

"This is coming from guys who spend their days clearing out chicken houses," says Roberts, 56, a former Manitoba farmer whose grain-selling frustrations led him to the Manitoba legislature (as a Liberal), then to a vice-presidency at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver. He took over the Canada West presidency in Calgary last year at an audited salary.

Westerners don't give a finker's damn whether the first Act is in London or here as long as it succeeds in dealing with the West's problems," says Roberts. Neither, he says, do they take seriously the threat of Quebec separation. Canada West and Roberts are alarmed, though, arguing that Canada's economic problems would be worsened if the current political instability were re-

solved because regional economies can't develop fully until the uncertainties surrounding the decision-making process.

Roberts also predicts that Quebec will separate or become such a weak member, so excluded from Confederation, that it might as well be out. Canada West, funded mainly by the four western provincial governments and two territories, seems ready for that while at the same time it is dedicated to strengthening the West within Confederation. It has completed extensive economic studies that could serve as an inventory of western assets within Confederation or as its own. Far, despite all the predictions about Canada West not being "separatist," Roberts admits the foundation does have a blueprint for an independent West that, presumably, is just in case western governments aren't listening to what people like Edward Schreyer are saying then.

—*Sharon Swann*

Winnipeg's Henderson house on its new Calgary site is a \$2-million mobile home.

hours of their foundations to form mobile-home wagon frames heading west.

A lumber baron built the house from a design inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright on Winnipeg's Wellington Crescent. Millions were freighted from Chicago. The Hendersons given married semi-lux cars in 1910 and lived there until the early '70s. Some vital statistics: eight bedrooms, seven bathrooms, 11 fireplaces, a ballroom, a ballroom, two long and dining when full, spread over 1,000 square feet. The servants' quarters on the top floor are as big as the average suburban bungalow. The furnishings include three centuries of antiques amassed in Europe before the first World War.

But it's not the sort of place a widow would want to retire around in, and it was the current Mrs. Henderson, who is unable to find a buyer in Winnipeg, decided to have the place dismantled and moved out west. It took five years and more than 20 contractors to do the job, but now the mahogany woodwork that was aged for several years in British Honduras is re-installed under western skies, along with a modern touch—a burglar alarm system built as the most sophisticated in North America.

It's not as busy as it seems, says the estate consultant Doreen Park. If this gambit works she admits that more estates may follow suit. "The big development at any time is going to be into renovation instead of building by 1983." And what better market for holiday-themed decors than wealthy, holiday-bound Alberts?



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Probably the best place to have a big house up for sale these days is Calgary, where the going price of shelter is right up there with the mountain peaks. The market for mansions couldn't be better, so the majestic Henderson home, built over

several decades in Winnipeg at the turn of the century, has been dismantled brick by brick and reassembled on 25 acres of land with a mountain view on the outskirts of Calgary.

The Manitoba government had been at least a bit of a pain to buy, but in Calgary the \$2 million price tag (plus up to \$1 million for the furniture) was taken in stride, within two weeks the vendors had a prospective buyer. It all suggests an interesting future business on the Trans Canada Highway when home owners in the east eager to sell start leaving their

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When British morningers flooded to the horror picture *Robbed*—written and directed by David Cronenberg, Canada's desiccated practitioner of that genre craft—they could later relive and savor each moment of terror with *Robbed*, the book. Most readers probably didn't realize that the book was based on the movie, rather than the other way around. Nor would they particularly care, drawn for the "novelizations" of Cronenberg's screenplay has sent it into a second British printing of 100,000 copies.

The issue hasn't been lost on Canadian publishers. Their reservations about the literary merit of novelizations—"something best left for the



tion. Already available are 70,000 copies of *Robbed*, a novelization of the film's costume epic about Louis Riel, and *A Girl in Love*, based on the TV dramas by Gordon Friesen.

By the end of the year there could be half a dozen novelizations in Canadian stores, including *Crossed* from Seal Books (based on a made-for-TV movie scheduled for CBC in the fall) and a glossy coffee-table book from McClelland & Stewart, *The Newcomers*, consisting of seven episodes from the CBC TV series depicting the experiences of various ethnic groups in the building of Canada. *The Newcomers* is a \$39.95 book in a \$2 market, featuring a full-color page of photographs for nearly every page of text, "novelized" by the TV-play authors themselves, including Alice Munro, Timothée de Fombelle and George Ryga.

"It's harder to open house for novelizations," declares Anna Porter, editor-in-chief for Seal Books, the paperback house operated by M&S and Bantam Books of New York.

"I won't publish crap—I've turned down two screenplays already—but it's nonsense that novelizations have to be bad. Maybe I haven't read any that are works of literature, but that

doesn't mean there couldn't be one."

"The book sells the movie, the movie sells the book," says Toronto literary agent Nancy Colbert, who has single-handedly farmed the licenses with these novelizations by or for authors also represents *Deromagnon*, *Robbed*, and *Crossed*. Abetted by the experience of her husband, Stanley Colbert, executive producer for CBC film drama department, she approaches publishers "in package novelizations and true their release with that of the shows I've found myself in the vanguard because nobody else even thought to exploit novelizations to this degree in Canada."

But Andrew Macphail of Paperbacks maintains the idea is an old one: "Even the Victorians were novelizers, turning the archaic language and forest of Shakespeare into books and stories with wider appeal for the average reader." Paperbacks is among the more sa-



Colbert, juggling a movie between covers

vorful novelizers, with a track record that includes low-key successes wrested from the jaws of movies that bombed. *The Stephen Truitt Story* has accounted for 167,000 copies, and *I Miss You Hug and Kisses*—based on the Dempsey wonder case—up to 30,000.

North American novelizations may even have antedated D.W. Griffith's novelization of his own epic, *Birth of a Nation*, and they continued strong in the mid-'20s, putting words into the otherwise silent mouth of *The Sheik*, *Raided Vengeance*. But the dramatic use of novelization as a marketing tool and publishing business didn't come until three years ago, when David Seitzer's novelization of his own screenplay, *The Doors*, sold \$3.5 million copies the first year.

The amazing stampede to novelize everything on the TV or film screen is described by Paul S. Nathan, columnist for the New York trade magazine *Publishers' Weekly*, as "nothing less than a

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Frontlines

gold rush, fuelled by best sellers like *Drive*, *Waves* and *Jesse J*—the latter purposefully written in the style of the original. The rush abated slightly after the body blow from *F.I.S.T.*, the Sylvester Stallone trade-nation film for which Dell allegedly paid \$400,000, though neither book nor movie proved to have any commercial fight.

"Sure, it's the most volatile kind of publishing there is," agrees Virgo's



David Melroy: "The novelization's shelf life is four weeks—right at the outside. You make it then, or die." But the rewards offset the risks for Rammer Publications' Judith Doyle: "We're publishing two novelizations this year for one specific reason—to support our other books, the volumes of poetry and arts books which we couldn't print otherwise."

For the nonfiction, the rewards are more slender: the U.S. publishers pay an average \$4,000 to \$7,000 and Canadians pay less, though a small percentage of royalties "overseas" the contract. The top Americans, like Leonard Fiescher, trafficked copies of the novelizations, may receive as much as \$25,000 for their finely honed skills. Fiescher wrote *Boys*, a two-million seller, in three days, less time than some fans of the shaggy-pup movie took to read it.

Real, in comparison, is the work of legends, for its two authors labored against an impossible publishing deadline for eight straight 16-hour days. And Toronto writer John Gault took an "age" six weeks at the first draft of *Comstar*, the story of a Prairie high jumper, a bronze medalist at the Montreal Olympics who returns to competition after a shocking accident that cost him one leg. "It's done good training for writing fiction," Gault says of his pressure cooker experience. "There are even areas where you feel inspired. After all, it has to come from you, from your own gut, even if you're using somebody else's theme. Maybe it's not *The Shogun* Kurosawa, but it works as a novel."

—Knappe Dwyer

Frontlines



The barbed bard of Vancouver strikes again

Richard Ocasio poked his wit-laden head out from behind the bushes of British Vancouver's City Stage Theatre with vibrant glee. He was watching the letters in the opening night audience of his festival roman à la vie and a square with each vibrant twink of laughter. Ocasio, the former offbeat trouble of Vancouver theatre back in town after two years in the east, was visiting upon his co-colleague at local television station CTV2 an unfattering bit of staff called *The City Show*.

For two years as commentator, host writer and sometime host of CTV2's daily two-hour news episode *The Vancouver Show*, Ocasio had made the acquaintance with cradling, acid, on-air reviews and commentaries. He left the station in May, 1978, after a series of disputes over his role as on-air host. That less-than-ideal leave-taking produced active spectacles before *The City Show* opened late last month that it would amount to a ritual kidnapping of CTV2 President and General Manager (The *Shogun* Partier) Thyl Deha, Vancouver co-hosts Pia Skandell and Mike Wadlow and commentators Lou-

ise LaPierre and Alan Fotheringham. Instead, after five minutes and nine lawyer-suggested cuts, opening night audiences got mostly foam-rubber brick bats, with only the odd pointed dart. The chaotic then play turned out to be a hefty but fairly useless criticism for our times, all wrapped in the old Broadway and Montreal identity convention of French laws, \$80, celebration in kind was not long in coming, with the sweetly delivered content of the elegant Pia Skandell as she left the theatre.

"This where was the overnight, happen-bend writer character, who was over-paid and took three-hour lunches!" Ocasio in the month's ahead represent a contraband for him and he talks of firing a word—an appropriate pun for a man who once called himself the Jacques Bonhomme of Canadian theatre. Or indeed there may be more plays, despite one critic's assessment of *The City Show*. "Dell knows it can't be taken seriously as a piece of theatre. For now he merely acts a ringed hand through the air, battering the pale backdoor" spilling from a breast pocket, and declares, "He'll with posterity."

—Thomas Hopkins

Ocasio and *The City Show* cast: what happened to the headliner part?

presentation of *A Boy's Cry* on the CTV. He has written five plays and done the lyrics for nine more. Add to this television writing credits for series starring Diane Shipley and Brent Spiner and it goes easy credence to the oft-told rap that he is spreading himself too thin.

Given in elegant three-piece suits, Wadlow appears and inarticulate host. Ocasio says "My friends are not theatre people, they are lawyers and businessmen." These are the same friends who served as raw material for his most notorious scab in scandal, the 1977 production of *British Progress*, a wacky comedy of manners encircling the pluck "wrecking shop" around the

Lion's Gate bridge from Vancouver. An eastern updated version called, inevitably, *Wreckout* will play Lewisville this summer.

Take a cue from his businesslike friends, Ocasio is that refreshing rarity in Canadian theatre, a self-promoter. Most people acknowledge that his talents lie in directing. He is credited with company work. Wadlow appeared Festival Lewisville last year with a lovely Canadian play series that included *Witch* and *One Night Sweet*.

Now in the second year of his two-year contract at Lewisville, Ocasio has some theatre insiders fearful that his quackish ambition ("An opportunity," and its one detractor) will leave the festival in the lurch. Last fall, they went out, he was on the short list for the artistic director post at the Vancouver Playhouse and is reportedly going a job as Peter Cof's associate artistic director at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre. He admits the month's ahead represent a contraband for him and he talks of firing a word—an appropriate pun for a man who once called himself the Jacques Bonhomme of Canadian theatre. Or indeed there may be more plays, despite one critic's assessment of *The City Show*. "Dell knows it can't be taken seriously as a piece of theatre. For now he merely acts a ringed hand through the air, battering the pale backdoor" spilling from a breast pocket, and declares, "He'll with posterity."

—Thomas Hopkins

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Word games people play

Having read Michael Callaghan's letter (Letters, May 11), let me say that the real letter writer in the Callaghan family is not renowned novelist Marley but his eldest son Michael—the personal public relations man and public reputation defender for one Jerry Goodie. In his letter Mr. Callaghan says "only a couple of paragraphs" of what I wrote ended up in the first Goodie speech. Since I was paid \$1,500 for the speech by Goodie, this two-paragraph payment amounts to \$750 a paragraph—nice money if you can get it! However, I have compared both speeches—that is, my draft and the final Goodie one, and here are the totals. On Oct. 19, 1978, at the Park Plaza Hotel, Toronto, Jerry Goodie uttered 58 deathless paragraphs. Of these 58 paragraphs, precisely 25 were written by me. I did not write these brilliant one-line Goodie paragraphs:

- 1 "These are tough times—complex issues, big stakes"
- 2 "Please be careful with our country"
- 3 "Thank you"

But on reading these paragraphs over, I wish I had! I make these refutations of Mr. Callaghan's silly charges not only because I like telling the truth but also because I don't want future clients to feel I charge \$750 a paragraph, \$300 a paragraph is, and has always been, my normal rate. As for the Goodie speech, it was Mr. Callaghan, not Mr. Goodie, who called upon me to write it. It was under Mr. Callaghan's guidance that I worked. In the presence of his partner, Mr. Callaghan told me my speech was excellent. So did his partner, Mr. Braden. I never dealt with Mr. Goodie at all. As so often have I claimed that Mr. Callaghan wrote the Goodie speech. From



every movement in the country I have shared my authorship of the Goodie speech. I can write speeches. My Callaghan, it seems, cannot—or why did he hire me on the first place? There's nothing sicker than being caught in the middle between a public relations man like Callaghan and an advisor like Goodie. It's like being drowned in snake oil while someone walks all over you with a

pair of Goodie's "Black Poppet" shoes, jiggly Callaghan, and go to sleep, you can use the rest.

DAVID BOLE, TORONTO

Things go better with smoke

Since I have been a marijuana smoker off and on for the last 12 years, I had your cover story *The War on Drugs* (April 2) with a great deal of interest. I believe that our government should support a commission to look into controlling and marketing cannabis products. It is a golden opportunity for the government to correct the mistakes made in the alcohol and tobacco industries. Such should be made from government-controlled outlets only, there should be no advertising for such products and every cent derived from such sales should go back into drug and alcohol education and rehabilitation.

GEORGE C. MENDER, GRAND FALLS, Nfld.

In my estimation, 9,000 Canadians will have been arrested and almost 7,000 will receive a conviction in our criminal courts for simple personal possession of marijuana during the federal election campaign. The government has been promising marijuana law reform for so long that many unformed smokers think that the law has been softened. I don't advocate the use of marijuana, but can find no medical, moral or legal justification for imprisoning those who do use it.

J. SCOTT BOUGHNER, VICE-PRESIDENT, NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE ABOLITION OF MARIJUANA LAWS IN CANADA, TORONTO

Bradys 282, Liberals 0?

William Carmichael's television column *How Manning and Duddy and Freddie and Debbie Shopped Loans and Loved the Tube* (April 11) was right on target. It is not surprising that few people have continued television considering the subtlety with which this electronic mind-bender has crept into our culture. One wonders how people's perceptions of the real world have been changed by this technology. Television is now used by people to an extent from their increasingly troubled lives. After all it is much easier to watch *The Brady Bunch* than it is to write letters to politicians. Interestingly, the first generation of young people to have been nurtured by television all their lives are now becoming voters. Will they be aggressive, inquisitive and interested in the world as will they passively see the party line? Only time will tell.

ROBERT J. SOFUCK, THE PAS, MAN

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Letters

The 'T's have it

Enough. In his column *Sometimes It's Tough to Tell the World, Be It From a Guy Up on a Highway-Striding Rep* (April 22), Allan Fotheringham signs, parenthetically, "one way to nobble the press is to talk to them while not allowing them to print anything." This is probably the single most fulsome comment ever made in the long, and very often angry, history of political commentary. I have been a member of the press, man and boy, for 35 years and in that time I have been spoken to by people who would not allow me to print anything. I have been ignored by people who didn't care whether I printed anything. I have printed things without ever talking to the people about whom they were printed. But I have never, not even slightly, been nobbled. In fact I am of the opinion that no one in this business has ever been nobbled. And that to me ever will be. But there goes Fotheringham, hand over his, snuffing with his customary apparent assurance that here in "one way" to nobble the press. By implication suggesting that there is more than one way to nobble the press. And, by this rank and totally unsubstantiated statement, he leaves his readers' minds the suggestion that perhaps the press is frequently nobbled. That perhaps they can never completely believe what they are reading because what credibility has a nobbled press? If Fotheringham continues to play so fast and loose with facts, there is little hope for the press as a valid social institution.

JOHN MARGIER, EDITOR
THE CITY, TORONTO

For argument's sake

In *The Party That Ate from the Door* (April 22), Robert Lewis correctly states that "there have been only five leaders" of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF). Yet in the article and in Peter Newman's editorial *From Broadbent to Mulroney* (April 22), there are only four mentioned. The last national leader of the CCF was Hanes Auker. Elected by a convention, he served as that capacity from the summer of 1960 to the summer of 1963 when he was defeated in his bid for the leadership at the "new party" by Tommy Douglas.

ALBERT S. CHAMBERS, OTTAWA

The un-American boy

Jet Voight deserves another Oscar for his plain statement about the Calhoun file he has discarded. In *Clouting Above With Oscar* (April 22), he says, "Calhoun



Voight, on the way to something deeper?

is an attitude about life. Following it, you have to go a certain rigid way, y'know. The rules attached to it bend all the natural forces. It makes life go the way you don't want it to go." "The way he don't want it to go, maybe. But to say Calhoun's man's life is not his own to do with as he pleases. Voight may just be on the way to something deeper than his acknowledged sense of guilt. "Money with him is always onerous." I wonder where he got that idea in modern America?

WILLIAM BOWEN, JR.,
MONROVIA, CALIF.

A hewer of Woody

As author of the note to Murray McLaughlin mentioned in the article *Up, Up and Away and Changing Gears* (April 22), I felt I should clarify my point of view and provide our readers with the complete story. First of all, I feel the quoting of the content of my note was somewhat exaggerated. I said that I, along with many other writers, was offended by his joke and that I felt it was in very poor taste—particularly so as he is a public figure and the audience could possibly interpret his comments to mean that he doesn't consider rape to be a serious problem. Judging by the delayed applause and the boating and bawling I heard from where I was sitting, it would seem I wasn't the only one who felt this way. If he truly meant the joke to demonstrate "what an ass Woody was," then he should have been more explicit. Besides, all such in the case, why repeat Allen's comments? Furthermore, I provided Mr. McLaughlin with the opportunity to explain, as I had suggested, that he make an apology to the audience (he made the note while he was onstage). Rape is a serious criminal offence that has been subjected to this type of lighthearted approach for



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far too long. Thoughtless, insensitive comments such as those made by McLaughlin and Allen are in part responsible for the rising instances of violence against women today.

DR. PASCHAL, OTTAWA

Jewel box

Having visited Grenada for seven months, I came to know and sympathize with the people there. Among my first

impressions was the ever-present but subtle fear of the former dictator, Sir Eric Gairy. On the marriage of the revolution, after I no longer feared for my personal safety, I rejoined with the Grenadians in the successful take-over by Maurice Bishop and the New Jewel Movement. Perhaps now Grenada can develop. I thought William Lawler's coverage in *A Caribbean Crisis* (April 30) was well-written, certainly better than other articles I had seen in the

Western press (many Grenadians resented the latter's treatment as naïve and condescending). However, the note of impending doom, with which your article ended, was neither congruous with the sympathetic mood set by the author nor fair to an authentic, successful and bloodless people's revolution.

DAVID BARNES, JOLIETTE, QUE.

Abroad-minded

I must comment on your article *Go Abroad, Foreign Men, the Home Front's Aid* (March 28), on the Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) and its Quebec counterpart Service Universitaire Canadienne Outre-mer (SUCO). Working to effect change in Third World countries by informing Canadians about the relations as suggested by 8000 volunteer Rimes Bladen is, in my mind, a purely intellectual pursuit. There is no doubt a degree of rationality expended in his theory, but it unfortunately is not positively correlated to his ability to effect change. Masked is not so rational in behavior.

ROBERT H. TROTT, PAGES, BECKLEDA

Dissent into shame

In *The Bangladesh New Papers the Crowd* (April 16), on Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's execution, you call Hader Khan one of the few dissenters and quote him as saying: "If they [politicians] misuse the powers of state, they should be prepared for the consequences." I feel that Hader Khan is not dissenting, really. This is the only way we, the Pakistanis, can hide the shame which would be unbearable without such rational excuses.

ESS F. DOUBLEDAY, KASIKATOON

Left, right, left, right!

In *The Third Men*, Ian Urquhart finds it a "contradiction" that socialist Ed Broadbent "admirers the work of anti-socialist author George Orwell." Perhaps if Urquhart had more than a passing familiarity with the work of Orwell, he would realize that no such contradiction, in fact, exists. *Animal Farm* and *1984* attack totalitarian communism; the former was in response to the fawning praise of the leftist intelligentsia for Stalinist Russia, the latter against the totalitarian police state. Orwell's demand totalitarianism of both the left and right, as his numerous essays and his own life illustrate the struggle for the Republicans in the Spanish civil war. He was a socialist in the mould of most social-democratic parties, including the NDP.

ANDREW CRUICKSHANK, TORONTO

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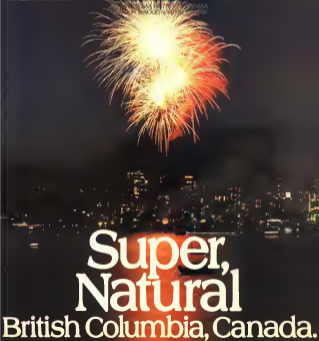
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WEATHERING THE FLOOD

By Peter Canale-Gordge

It was 5:20 a.m. on a spring morning when her mother shook 11-year-old Aileen Ritchot and whispered urgently: "The water is rising across the fields. We must hurry and dress and take the canoe." It was 1959.

It is 1999 and Aileen Ritchot scarcely has time to recall that journey by canoe to the railway and to six weeks of exile from Morris in Manitoba's Red River Valley. She is busy organizing the letters at Royal Canadian Legion Branch 131, as she has been for a week, serving up an endless supply of soup, sandwiches, roast beef and meatballs to the 250 men remaining in the town. Breakfast begins at 5:30 a.m. and supper ends at 8 p.m. Coffee and cookies cover end. Of the town's normal population of 1,500 only 213 are left—all accounted for on computerized lists in Winnipeg, should the worst happen.

On the legion wall a chart shows the flood levels of 1968 and 1950, when the waters rose to 781.7 feet above sea level. This time they're expected to exceed that by one foot. Above the 786-foot mark on the chart a wig has cracked "Sweet Lake Hill."

It seemed last week that 1959 had become the year of the flood.

Phyllis McIntosh and drowned here, a victim for the lucky

the waxy spring. From Dawson City, almost on the Alaska border, where the turbulent Yukon suddenly burst its banks and swamped downtown streets seven feet deep, to New Brunswick, where the St. John staged one of its fiercest surges and drove more than 250 Frederictoners from their homes, spring was flooding out all over. In Quebec's Gaspé peninsula no fewer than 17

municipalities were hit when heavier than average snowmelt turned freshets into torrents. Road buggies became a back-breaking, now-legendary challenge even in the capital, where the swollen Ottawa threatened low-lying parts of the city and smothering Hull, Quebec. The town, perhaps most heavily struck, was Ottawa's beach and mooring country around Field and Sturges Falls (see story page 28), northwest of North Bay. But the winner and still champion without any argument was the Red River, beginning 180 miles north of Winnipeg, then gathering

and swelling and spreading until it turned the intersection of North Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba into a violently racing inland sea. It was all the fault of the long hard winter that gripped a good part of the continent, followed by unusually deluges of rain. The thousands of beleaguered and submersed Canadians who were its immediate victims were by this week beginning to weather the flood, but they would not soon forget the soggy spring of '99.

In the Morris municipal offices a weary Jack Murray, 46-year-old mayor and owner of its department store, puffs on his pipe and surveys his ghost town. It sits in splendid isolation behind a mud-dike 5½ miles in circumference that he says will hold.

"I'm the only mayor in Canada who's typhoid-proof," he says. "In 1959 they isolated me five times even though I kept telling them I'd had a shot. If the media ever set eyes on me I'd drop dead from fright." This is his fifth

flood in Morris. Like the colonel who urged his troops to trust in God, but keep their powder dry, Murray and his relations are leaving nothing to chance. There must be no repetition of 1950 when Main Street lay under five feet of water.

The ring dike, a sloping wall of rammed peatite gunbys (crushed and kaolin) and shovels (set in place by roaring bulldozers, was built in 1967. It can handle flood waters 784 feet above sea level when the waters comes and the dike can be reinforced again to close the gaps where highway and railway also through the perimeter wall. For more than a week men from the water resources department have been hastily going on road and railroads to raise the dike another two feet. Morris is a town under siege, an island in what Murray proudly says is now officially the third largest lake in Manitoba: Lake Morris. Ironically, Murray's parents came to Morris in 1927 to escape the drought of Waterloo, Saskatchewan. He has been flood-fighting ever since and even met his wife, Rita, when she helped him shift dry goods to the top of the store in 1946. One man has phoned him to say he's glad the flood of '99 will exceed that of 1950 by a foot or two. "He was getting tired of stories about the '50 flood."

Down the disinfected-reeking hall of the brick municipal building is the Emergency Measures Office, housed in what normally is the council chamber. A portrait of the Queen surmounts banks of telephones, charts, maps, daily crest reviews and weather forecasts. All is



endure, efficient, expert.

In the legion hall Pat Jurgensen, wife of the local MLA, is washing dishes and the female kitchen staff, all volunteers, is trying to cheer up the flood-fatigued men who haven't seen their families for up to two weeks. "People don't seem to be worried but I think they go silently to themselves," says Aileen Ritchot, fading soap. "I'm sure the ring dike will hold or they wouldn't let us stay here."

Within the dike, 16 deer have found

refuge, having swum through the encroaching lake. There are rabbits and skunks too, easily encamped near the town's road, foraging where they can.

"If the worst happened," says Mayor Murray soberly, "everybody that's left could be evacuated to any base by motorcade and helicopter. Also, you'd have to raise your feet or they'd get wet where they are now." His office sits several feet above the almost deserted main street. The marina over a motel says simply: "Rise and rise and rise everything. The river's crest is expected in three days and the sandbagging is almost finished. Now there is only

Flooded-out farmhouse (top) and downtown Morris saved by a sloping wall of rammed and pressed peatite gunbys



PHOTOGRAPHS BY

the watermen and the water. All the hopes and fears of Merrin rest on the ugly gumbo dike that crosses Main Street by the Merin Beauty Parlor. On one side into the town, as the other a submerged road with water lap only feet from the top of a traffic light. A sandpiper peeks at the scene of garbage clogging the road walls.

While the battle of the sandpipers authoritatively on there is little time at energy for curing blazes, but later there will be many attempts at the water resource people, the politicians, the Canadian Wheat Board, the railway, even God. A few honestly blame themselves. Everyone is relieved, however, that the little town like Merrin, as it was for Winnipeg after the 1950 flood, though it took 18 years before the Red River floodway was completed to the town of cyans. The \$63-million dike, pipe, drains and three-pronged dike broke, despite the emergency, and around the city, ensuring no repetition of the 1950 swamping while a sixth of the city went under the crest, more than 30 feet above normal water flows. Though the Red was expected to peak two feet above that again this year, the city flow is to prove 23 feet above normal, thanks to Duff's dike. "Bare people are thanking me now for the floodway," says Rabin, today a senator and president of his own security firm. "But when we built it, the experts predicted it would be a century before we saw another flood like 1950."

Bylined the rag-dick town like Merrin, Emerson, St. Jean Baptiste, St.



Adolph, Rosemont and Lefebvre the obvious Red laps at farmhouse windows, garages and barns. It is slow, silent and surreptitious, but 1,000 heads fed before it, searching what they can before it's too late. Floodwaters float over land. The tiny bubbles, currents poking down through windows at the water's desolation. Livestock transporter Albert Duff's pilot flies him with the greatest of care along a soggy road 3/4 feet deep in water, helping lead out farmers' 100 cattle to safety (and slaughter) in Winnipeg. He has been at it for days, knowing that one wheel over the edge will plunge his truck into a ditch 25 feet deep in water. Across the most flooded woodland, land there are being made to move 100,000 head of livestock to safety including 3,000 beef cattle, 5,000 pigs and 15,000 chickens. The frantic effort is almost pointless for Duff. Hundreds of Res-

cort, where 15,000 hogs have been moved already. The dropping waters have drowned 700 of them. At Gillespie Research Farm, operated by the University of Manitoba 15 miles north of Winnipeg, mass evacuation is underway for hundreds of cattle, pigs and sheep to the sports stadium on the city campus. When the farm to be inundated, purchased animals would be destroyed and precious research ruined.

Bare Albert St. Hilbert of St. Jean Baptiste is praying that the northeast winds will stop whipping waves against his town's pipe dike and in urgent danger to stop raking their lives by looting sandbags over the choppy waves. Outside the yellow stone church of St. Jean Baptiste, black-clad members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry guard from sandbagging to share experience with veteran volun-

teers bagged and throwing them at the second-story window into waiting motorboats. "We needed something about a white washing down," whispered one woman, but Duff's pilot dismissed that. "Nothing but water, gentlemen," he shouts would be left behind. Like many other of the town residents they had mobilized through field command in a shell-shocked but lively way on the seriousness of swimming over the tops of street signs. They had bailed other disaster in 1910 before—two major floods and a landslide in 1973—had this time many residents said they had it the heart for starting out all over again. But there was relief of it in that disaster as the townspeople who were told and hurried above all could immediately afford to be the down-to-earth about their material losses. In fact, there was the fact of a battle in the eye of Deputy Fire Chief Dan Munroe when he was in the Duff's house, but slightly below to announce "This town's a good town." Three weeks earlier, three grand

Joseph Thien

lure, St. Jean Baptiste has become a ghost town, most of the 700 population fled.

Will the dike hold? In the background of a house on Marion Street a small crowd has gathered, staring numbly at the spreading water. Two black birds are surrounded by sandbags and pump pour water back over the dikes.

"I just wish it were oil," laughs Annette Mariani, 44, whose son Gilles owns the house. A pilot points with his finger in the air. The leak oozes through a culvert blocked off and abandoned in 1948. The town had forgotten, but not the relentless river. St. Jean is in the camp-upon. The army will be called, and water will be banded.

Back in Merrin, Reine Hebejowski, co-owner of Power-Mat Industries Ltd., is hoarse, his telephone hot. He is 54, tired and worried. Normally he is 15 employees spend the water turning out grain supplies and harvest sections for sale. "This is the height of my selling season, but I have \$500,000 worth of orders but a prairie sea blocks his way to market. In the 1960 flood when his business was outside the dike he lost \$70,000. After 45 years and four floods he can't understand why an all-mother road hasn't been built or permanent dikes.

Merrin school bus driver and Public Works Chairman Dan Lahe, ferrying visiting sandbaggers and reporters up and down Main Street, casts a scornful glance at a boarding school. "They don't believe our dikes will hold, but they'll see. I haven't raised a single thing from my basement." Nor his Mayor Murray or other stalwarts, as if by sheer defiance and force of will they might keep the water back, however precisely they look at the dike. Dan Lahe points to a bank beyond the dike. "In the 1948 flood that was the only bank with nothing water." And, despite "It went in the front door and out the back."

In flood-free Winnipeg, athletic coach's reaction to the sports pages about the conditions of events scheduled for the stadium-turned-ark. Anthonius forecasts a hunger cry of flies and mosquitoes to follow the flood, and the aftermath may well prove more breathtaking than the view-escape design itself. For while the event as it moves up the valley is necessarily lower than first predictions, all signs are that Lake Merrin may not begin noticeably to recede for a fortnight or more. As the water batters the dike, it is banded back for the ferry near St. Jean from which they have been flooded out four times since 1948. Annette Mariani is saying that floods bring out the best in people but that it's a pity you need floods to do that.

The river that won't stand up and fight

The Red River made even more frightful easy flooding in 1950 when it seemed ready to rampage north of Winnipeg. The late Ralph Allen was then editor of Manitoba's and for the mountain. July 4, 1950, time for some of the most dramatic profiles of the troublesome river. The following article has been condensed from Allen's article.

By Ralph Allen

One night when the 1950 Manitoba flood was roaring their crest a bird men stood on a tree in Fort Garry, watching against the brown ship penguin flock of the advancing Red River. Although the river was near the top of the dike, its



Winnipeg in 1950: taking a public enemy back to the world.

specter was far from menacing. Its speeded Red part was less than a mile an hour. It was for the last 10 hours had been less than an inch. The river was not charging against the dike, it was leaning against it with the steady, aimless air of a drunk hanging onto a lamp-post.

The river moved slowly at the dike. A grey and strange-looking bird flew from the flat and faced Red had water through its 25-foot bank and started to block a gateway to the streets behind the dike. The most dropped his hat, and with a few minutes more the dike would be gone. The dike was not a threat.

There were more learned specialists for the credit disaster which the most sluggish and unobscure of Canada's rivers was waiting on its fourth largest city and on the 100,000 square miles of its flood plain. But no experience better expressed the river's character. It is one of the few rivers in the world that can run wild while

practically standing still. It has engulfed, uprooted and blanketed the people who live along its banks on an average of once a generation. In the great 17th year which victims said, haven't found the means to catch up to it, much less to lock it. If it had all the money in the world I couldn't stop flooding on the Red River," a top American engineer told me gaily.

As with most public enemies, it is necessary to go right back to the words to find out how the Red got that way. It was born sometime between 6,000 and 12,000 years ago. A flood in the city had shown to prevent drainage failure. As the ground melted it had become a lake. Together the ancient Great Lakes had together. Geologists named this flood megaflood Lake Agassiz. The Red is the tributary and Lake Agassiz. The Red is the tributary and Lake Agassiz. The Red is the tributary and Lake Agassiz.

Winnipeg is a central point. It has traveled from north to south. It had a few persons in the winding, somewhat curved in the other direction is one of its two unusual curves. The other is the balance of the ground over

which it was left to travel. When the river is extremely high, it just doesn't move fast enough to get out of its own way. The early melting waters from the south leading toward Lake Winnipeg merge with more melting ice and snow as they flow into the city. The water from the south and the water from the north still crowding for gateway and some of it gets caught right off the meadow.

1950 Winnipeg lost its island sports on the Red. It was all over the river. But it was so many that Manitoba Premier Douglas C. Campbell and his technical advisers are hoping the answer will be found in a 20-mile bypass around Winnipeg-in effect, a second Red River waterway and thus enough to handle the 100,000 cubic feet of water which flowed through Winnipeg every second during the 1950 flood. Whatever they do and whenever they do it, the Red will give them a chance to find out how good it is. Lake Agassiz, long before, had a second season to hurry but it always shows up before or later.

Flood relief in liberated 40-ouncers

There was a bit of tension in the Field Ontario house of Ronald Duff's dike. They again there was also a bit of water. The water of the dike—Flood (Flood) from two rivers, lake, and lake—and was submerged in a century last after the worst flood in the history of the city. The western Superior River had swallowed up 40,000 horses and almost half a million of the population of 550,000 of which (Flood) speaking) however. One report out of Northern Ontario described Field as "the Athens of Canada."

But it was no last of things. Continued... (Flood) speaking) however. One report out of Northern Ontario described Field as "the Athens of Canada."

TASTE A GREAT CANADIAN

ENJOY THESE GREAT CANADIAN CHEESES IN COOKING.



Discover how enjoyable our own Canadian cheeses taste, especially in cooking. There are no secrets to cooking with cheese. Remember to use low heat, just high enough to melt the cheese and blend it with other ingredients. Here are a few of the over 50 Great Canadians to include in your shopping list to add something extra to your next meal:

- 1. Mozzarella.** A classic melting cheese that's sweet and mild. Excellent in lasagna, on pizzas and a great change for

sandwiches and cheeseburgers.

- 2. Parmesan.** This fine grating cheese has a sharp, tangy taste and distinct aroma. A good seasoning ingredient. It is excellent in soups and salads.

- 3. Swiss.** Recognizable by its shiny 'eyes', it has a mild, sweetish, nutlike flavour. Superb in fondues, Quiche Lorraine, sauces, casseroles or in a ham sandwich.

- 4. Cheddar.** Whether you prefer the white or orange cheddar, it is a versatile stand-by in cooking. For such delights as soup, macaroni & cheese, souffles and many casseroles.



Part of the series of Canada

Canada

Round and round they go

By Ian Urquhart

The television screen shows a bright red rose in full bloom on 'You Know What's Best'. But, as a voice lists the fallacies of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's 11-year-old regime, the rose begins to wither until it is left a decaying corpse. Only then is the viewer asked to 'give the future a chance' and vote Conservative.

That and other Tory ads were the highlight of last week in the election campaign. The ads—shown during Stanley Cup hockey broadcasts to 3,185,000 Canadians—were all virulent attacks on Trudeau. In French, they were even tougher, with one ad portraying Trudeau 'cognitive' (cognitive is the sound of a jail door slamming shut). It was undeniably gripping television. But many viewers were left wondering whether it was just too negative.

The Liberals and New Democrats were to focus on their leaders in their

television advertising, as will the Conservatives near the end of the campaign. 'He's respected, he's tough,' says an authoritative voice in a Liberal ad as the camera shows Trudeau in action. Broadbent is shown talking reason with the skylines of Toronto, Ottawa, and Vancouver serving as backdrops. Conservative leader Joe Clark will be seen speaking directly to the camera in 30- and 60-second clips taken from a lengthy interview.

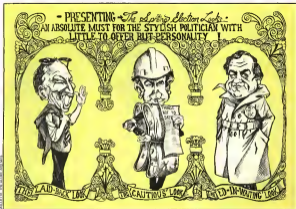
Whether any of this Madison Avenue packaging will affect the undecided voters remains to be seen. More certain to have an impact is the television debate on May 10, pitting the leaders against each other in a series of one-on-one debates. Last week, the three men were already making preparations for the showdown. Staffers were assigned to prepare background briefing notes and time was slashed off just before the debate to give the leaders a chance both to rest and to study up.

The Liberals were increasingly wor-

ried that Trudeau could win the debate—yet lose it because the public's expectations of the prime minister are so high and of Clark so low. The Conservatives, on the other hand, were concerned with Broadbent, whom Clark must face first in the order of events. The NDP leader, with little to lose, could destroy Clark's credibility with an all-out attack.

Meanwhile, the national tours of the three leaders continued apace. Mulroney had Robert Lewis with Trudeau, Roy MacGregor with Clark and Jane O'Hara with Broadbent. Here are their reports.

Pierre Trudeau called it the 'home stretch,' but he spent the first two days of last week in a caver through Prairie regions where the rice will go down to the wire. In the Saskatchewan farm communities of North Battleford, Weyburn, Assiniboia and Estevan, he spoke to roughly 4,000 people out of a total population of 20,000. The response was subdued but attentive as Trudeau



sensing that rural audiences are more "contemplative," dropped his strident tone and adopted a low-keyed, Bull, he kept up his attack on Clark and it was the references to the Tory and the provided the heartiest response from his audience. In North Battleford, Trudeau quoted from a *Go Prose* interview with John Diefenbaker in which the former prime minister is reported as saying: "You can't leave government to my gaudy Joe." Said Trudeau: "I stand on his words." (Diefenbaker subsequently denied he had ever said them.) Trudeau also took a bit at the New Democrats, saying they were tied to "big labor bosses in Ontario." Between speeches, Trudeau toured a grain elevator and looked at some new hopper cars. He was visibly ill at ease.

Later in the week, back in Montreal, Trudeau was more at home. He had a drink with Princess Caroline of Monaco and her husband, Philippe Jean, at Thursday's, a fashionable Montreal dining spot. The next day, he was accompanied in St. Elizabeth's, Quebec, where he endured an encounter with members of the farmed Rhinoceros Party, and Drummondville, where he blasted Social Credit leader Fabien Roy for firing with the separation.

Joe Clark knows his 20-year-old daughter Catherine is an interest in a balloon as she is in her father's becoming prime minister. Last week, as Clark staid centre stage in a Georgetown, Ontario, evening rock and roll and a pale white balloon above his head, he declared: "If I can keep that as intact as our campaign has been the last weeks, then I know Catherine will be very happy." It went without saying how her dad would feel.

The Tories, sensing victory is at hand, are doing their best to keep Clark's campaign bubble intact. But there were times last week when it appeared as if it might be punctured. In Ontario, Clark had difficulty explaining away the apparent contradiction between his call for "intimidation deficit" and his insistence that federal spending deficits be lowered. In Quebec, his shifting positions (then apparently endorsing negotiation of sovereignty association last fall to categorically denying the province's right to self-determination this spring) caught up with him and he split publicly with Rick LaSalle, his Quebec lieutenant. But he never made clear how, precisely, he would handle Quebec after a "Yes" vote in a referendum, despite reporters' efforts to ambush him on the question.

In Regina later in the week, Clark was on the offensive again and, for the first time in the campaign, attacked Trudeau in a speech for his handling of inter-organizational issues. Using Watergate vocabulary, Clark accused Trudeau of

letting the RCMP "beat slowly in the wind" while his ministers denied responsibility for any wrongdoing. Trudeau himself was guilty of "a serious deviation of duty" for not bothering to check reports that the cabinet had been informed the RCMP would have to break the law, said Clark.

But Trudeau's *Kiss Baby*-style campaign not only slipped into less gear last week but took real shape when he donned a crash helmet and rode to a Campbell River, B.C., rally on the back of a motorcycle. The driver, whose was helmet was complete with hand-painted marijuana plants and smouldering reefers, was told not to speed and Broadbent admitted the jaunt was "the most pleasurable experience of the

whole campaign." It looked that way. Making only eight brief speeches in five days, Broadbent labored through a hour of Saskatchewan, B.C. and Alberta before man-steering in Toronto with MP Bob Rae. His message was the same: lower food prices and Canadian control of resources. In Regina he pressed a house good-governance assistance program and in Vancouver he vowed to investigate the corporate grocery barons. In Calgary, where the NDP had difficulty filling a hall of 400, Broadbent proposed setting up "natural gas banks" to save the future. The next day, while Broadbent's plane remained grounded on the tarmac, the leader admitted: "It's nice to be back in sunny socialist Alberta." ☐

The Prairies: where often is heard a discouraging word



By Jérôme Labrecque

Dave Zimmerman scans his black fur and stubble-grown fields, still drenched with duck-dragging slugs, and curses the timing of the May 22 federal election. Nam has already slowed down dawn-to-dark going seed for the third-generation Saskatchewan farmer, and taking an hour off to go vote a previous lost time. Still, he will mark his X at the poll, for the Conservative party although he swears he will shake hands with Freeland and says "If a person could control the weather and the government around here you'd have it made."

Prairie people can't seem to control either element these days. While only farmed, was flooded in southeastern Saskatchewan last week, serious emergency measures to combat rising waterways were in effect in Manitoba's Red River valley, where some 1,000 people fled their homes, including Winnipeg Tribune political columnist Francis Russell to observe "For a lot of people the election just isn't going here." Many federal campaign workers have temporarily abandoned canvassing to pile sandbags and build dikes in submerged districts.

Meanwhile, westerners who are keeping track of 208 federal candidates



Trudeau and Long (left) in Edmonton. The former minister in Prince Albert, Norman and Wilton (right) looking for the farm vote. (discouraging words like a week)

ranking in the three Prairie provinces, also have that sinking feeling of frustration. They will cast their ballots knowing that the Prairies have not supported the party in power for the last 16 years in Alberta alone, not a single Liberal MP has been a winner in the past two elections. Westerners today, though prosperous, feel alienated and alien, cut off from the reins of power in Ottawa.

It's no surprise that one northern satiate political entity in Alberta, called

the Party of Denner, has caught the imagination of scores of Calgary voters.

Such Prairie discontent grows like wild weeds when westerners are confronted with the current choices of federal leaders. A recent Liberal poll in Saskatchewan shows that 60 per cent of those questioned are dissatisfied with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's past performance. "For many, he's a kooky-dippy Freudman," says an Alberta insider. New Democratic leader Ed Broadbent is identified by many as an alien outsider much with this big union, which are unpopular on the Prairies. It's a theme that Saskatchewan Liberals have used as ammunition in their advertising campaign, playing up the Canadian Labor Congress' support for the NDP. "Britain has been crippled by the domination of the Labor party by the union brass," states the NDP's campaign brochure. "The CIO-NAW must repent this mistake in Canada."

Opposition leader Joe Clark, a native westerner, is accepted by most as the best of these evils. As Howard Gibson, president of Carter Madding in Calgary, says, "Nobody in the oil industry thinks Clark is a messiah, like people thought of Trudeau a few years ago, but maybe he's not such a joke."

The man who bears the brunt of much bitter rage now in Alberta is cabinet minister Jack Hawer, wrestling with his recent illness. It was two years ago that the big, bely rancher left the Conservative ranks for handsome rewards with the Liberals. Farmers, and even Hawer's own family in the rural riding of Crowfoot, still haven't forgiven him. Trying to do a little political arm-twisting, Trudeau and Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan, reputed to be the farmer's friend, have missed the riding to help Hawer. "His wife even made an election promise there of a \$3-million-a-year program to compensate Prairie farmers for crop damage caused by regulatory waterfowl. But Hawer's chances still seem to be slight. As one federal Tory said with a chuckle, "Jack Hawer couldn't get elected even if Joe Clark went around the world again."

Though Clark's Conservatives appear to have polled a majority of the voters in Alberta, prospects are more unsettled in Saskatchewan where a stiffle of three-way fights is under way. The Liberals hope to improve their standing from the 1955 election, in which they won three of 18 Saskatchewan seats (there are now 14 ridings after redistribution). The presence it often nicknamed Lang Gang Country, once many crucial Liberal runs revolve around Transport Minister Otto Lang and Grit

candidates who have worked for him or are related to him. Lang himself is running against Rep. Bob Ogle, an NDP candidate and Roman Catholic priest whose parish Lang and his wife, Adrian, have attended for Sunday mass. Initially, Lang supporters worried that Ogle ("our star candidate," says one provincial NDPer) might steal the large Catholic vote in Lang's Saskatoon East riding. But now, with Thy candidate Dan Meyers also running strongly, Lang has fresh competition. As for Ogle, he's telling the undecided to "vote with your conscience."

In Regina, Long's brother-in-law, Tony Merchant, has had his campaign office open since July, 1977. His flashy campaign, opponents say, has cost him as much as \$250,000. Merchant himself says the bill is closer to \$70,000. No matter—it is shaping up to be one of the

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Campaign Notebook

● Given the ruthless intensity with which the CDC's commissioners accept advertising department promises (truth is advertising: God help Robert) if it consumes less than 40 lines its own weight in a CDC vice-president's stomach and. What, however, is the CDC's role in the current kerfuffle of electrifying commercials. Used as they are with spurious appeals and highly epileptic? www.cdc.gov for the answer, or a standard lead

● The irony was not in Conservative leader Joe Clark's laudatory congratulations to Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan last week after his by-election win. The results are encouraging for all Canadians, and, as Joe Clark, it was just four months earlier that Conservative MP David Crombie said on television, "I think there's concern about Mr. Ryan that I have about [Quebec Premier] Lévesque. I think that Mr. Lévesque is looking for a fight with me and I think that Mr. Ryan is a political tactician and therefore is for me." And last week, Ryan got his first taste of power.

● The irony was not in the fact that, even as the Conservative leader was praising Ryan, he called Clark "a somewhat confused and inconsistent" man.

—Don Christie

• Of the 1,424 candidates who will appear on the ballot May 22, no fewer than 125 are women—a record. But that number is highly misleading because only 4

here expensive election campaigns. A lawyer with big ambitions, Morehart has declared several times that he is running more as an independent, and doesn't hesitate to bad-mouth fellow Liberals, including his brother-in-law. Asked who he is running, Morehart replied, "I know I'm running for the House of Commons. Right, has it been getting a sore, largely because of Otis [Lang]? Nothing new comes here. I mean things from here." Morehart's main rival is an NDP candidate, 27-year-old Simon de Jong, who, in the 1960s, was a counterforce against running food co-ops and craft factories in Vancouver. Now a local restaurant owner, he is a former member of the Communist world. De Jong appeals to senior citizens, who remember the CCP's introduction of healthcare back in the days when Tommy Douglas was premier of Sas-



in or to have a chance of winning. It is for example: there were 137 women candidates, but only nine won. The election could see even fewer women elected because only three of the incumbents—MacDonald (Kingston), Manique Deland and Joanne Savard (both in Montreal)—are female senators. The others, including Minister Iona Campagnolo in British Columbia, are struggling.

[illegible]

In rural ridings such as *Assiniboia*, a sure spot in the campaign is railway abandonment—an emotional issue across the Prairies. Dozens of small Saskatchewan towns are fearing the proposed closing of 84 branch lines. The Liberals say they want the rail lines to be more efficient, the Tories' position on the issue is unclear, but the NDP (who predict better popular among farm communities by announcing that all the branch rail lines would be preserved).

Never was that concern in the campaign more clear than last week when Broadbent passed through Leroy, Saskatchewan (population 456), where a string of track fastens the town's entrance to the outside world. The local name-the-rail community was doing its best to show that Leroy is a vigorous community. The Saturday before Broadbent's visit, the town got ready by buying a grader and smoothing down its grade. Schools, the library and the credit union were unofficially closed, since the entire town turned out to greet the NDP leader and his following gaggle of national reporters. "We show up in the first engine and the ambulance so they'd be up there," says Brian McGeach, the L.

In Manitoba, a major scrap has developed over Port George riding, Jim Richardson's old seat in Winnipeg. Richardson (out in protest over his grain and livestock controls) is running Lloyd Axworthy, the last Liberal member of a provincial legislature on the Proline and a staunch defender of bilingualism. His Tory opponent is Rodney Smyke, former leader of the Manitoba Conservatives, who was dumped in favor of Sterling Lyon, now the premier. The Liberals also hope to win back St. Boniface riding in Manitoba, which they lost to the PCs in the 1985 elections. But the province is primarily a fight between the Conservatives and the New Democrats, with the former holding the upper hand.

The street they roams on the Praeger store partially from the caving behind the former prison warden John Teitelbaum back in 1958. The 83-year-old campaigner is now fighting his fifth election, although he is not apt enough to do much mass-streets through his Prison Abolition, Sack, riding. Perhaps trying to shift sympathy votes, Teitelbaum has publicly announced that he will not run again, unless there is a minority government. But that doesn't much ease Prison Abolition voters after all, the same threat has been circulated by his campaigners during the last three elections. ☐

Quebec

The bitter taste under the sugar

Claude Morin stood strongly alone in the Quebec City hotel while around him swirled hundreds of Parti Québécois workers counseling themselves with beer ordered in anticipation of a celebration. Morin, who had set aside his duties as intergovernmental affairs minister to organize his party's fight in the April 30 Quebec elections, suggested an imaginative explanation for the PQ's pair of crushing defeats: "People are mad at us because we gave them good government."

A more logical explanation for the easy triumphs of Liberal leader Claude Ryan and candidate Jean-Claude Rivest in that contest—though largely satisfied with the rq's administration—massively reject the Meech-inspired scheme to lead them painlessly to independence by disguising separatist's bitter taste with a sugar-coated vocabulary. Parti Quebecois votes actually declined from those registered in the 1976 provincial election, which brought it to power.

For Ryan, the increased Liberal majorities in his own Argentinean riding and Rivest's Jean-Talon seat vindicated his tough leadership style. As Ryan stems into the blinkless glare of the Na-



French-speaking Quebecers, its strategy of polarizing francophones against Quebec's minorities with harsh language journalism and constant carping

The by-elections also revealed how sharply 20 years of PQ government have divided Quebec: the Union Nationale, which was reborn in 1978 from the ashes of the Liberal administration of Robert Bourassa, plummeted toward the grave as prodigal federalists returned to the Liberal fold.

Unless the PQ manages to win over quickly a substantial majority of indicate, it's probably too late.

David Thomas

David Thomas

**To the lonely
sea and the sky**

When last sighted, Kenneth Kerr, 27, was bobbing on the swell just outside St. John's Harbour in Newfoundland, his 13-foot rowboat disappearing from view each time it swallowed a trough, with only the adventurous Scot's head and a bit of the orange waterlight canopy around him showing. With each powerful stroke of the oars, Kerr glided farther and farther out to sea. Finally, he disappeared from sight.

3 Kerr gets a break from the rain-soaked North Atlantic weather, and assuming he has not overestimated his own stamina, the modified Gribble Sparrow should reappear sometime in mid-July off the coast of Ireland's County Clare, an odyssey of 2,694 miles. Kerr denies that trying to scull a fat-bottomed boat across the Atlantic is an unrealistic task. "Anyone who says I'm crazy, I just tell them: I'll see you on the other side. I think I've got a pretty good chance to make it." The question Kerr does face most often is why? Everyone has

dream. The one has been mine." Kier has been planning his historic voyage since 1988, when British sailors John Hodge and Chay Blyth rowed from New Zealand to Ireland in a 22-foot open boat. The record they set was broken in 1995 by Irishman Tim McClure in a 20-footer. Kier hopes his vessel at so short that no one will ever be able to take his record away.

Keep. I'll see you on the other side.

A former electronics officer aboard a British submarine, Kerr has carefully stuffed his junk with some 1,000 pounds of gear and high-octane flamed foods. He's carrying 35 gallons of water and a solar "still" to turn the sea into drinking water. On arrival he plans to write a book, and then perhaps he will be critical in the Navy for another swapping assignment—just so long as he doesn't have to move.

Robert Flacklin



A new face at old Number 10

by Angela Ferrante

They didn't like her carefully cultivated middle class accent. Harshly, said she was too snobbish and out of touch. The press said she was too preachy, and political opponents neatly dismissed her as "that woman." She certainly dressed for the lapdogs of power. Her matriarch who pour tea quietly but never taste real power. Right through the election campaign, in personal standoffs, she trailed behind the ex-honorable Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan. And near the end of the campaign she seemed almost single-handedly to have blown the 20-point lead of her Tony party.

But when Britain went to the polls in record numbers last week, Margaret Thatcher, the tough daughter of a Lancashire grocer, became the West's first woman prime minister, with a strong majority (two thirds) and a widespread mandate to reverse the democratic socialist trend begun in 1945. Waves of strikes and the dreary economic status quo, voters took to heart her message. If her style, copying Callaghan's proven stiffness and her warnings that the untamed, free-market prong Thatcher was "too big a gun" for a jobless Thatcher merely created "We have everything we asked for."

As noses poked up outside her Chelsea house, Britain's new leader, dressed in Tory blue from earnings down, celebrated at party headquarters in Westminster—obediently, if reluctantly ("Oh no!"), giving the two-handed victory wave for smiling photographers. After a campaign in which her shrill adversary image, a witchy who almost sank the party, was kept strictly under control ("pious," she remarks), Callaghan's Thatcher is learning quickly the importance of the low profile. As the outgoing leader



AP/WIDE WORLD

stepped off to his farm in Sussex, Thatcher moved swiftly into Number 10 Downing Street, passing at the threshold to recall the words of St. Francis of Assisi, renowned for his gentleness: "Where there is discord, may we bring harmony. Where there is error, may we bring truth. Where there is doubt, may we bring faith. Where there is despair, may we bring hope."

The remaining words were particularly well chosen. Now that the time has come for her to stop preaching and to start practicing her credo of less government, lower taxes, less union power and more free-market justice, she will probably be cautious in bringing about change in a country which—the election so clearly revealed—is far from united behind her. The Tory vote swing was a healthy 6.6 per cent over the 1974 election (even the Welsh island of Anglesey went Tory for the first time since 1904), helping to swamp the Scottish Nationalists who had brought on the election by withdrawing their support from the minority Labor government. Even the Lib Dems, hoping to emerge with the balance of power, lost their leader, a steamed Jeremy Thorpe (who goes on trial this week for conspiracy and in-

Victorious Thatcher and (below) Callaghan. Don't forget, I'm the grocer's daughter!

discretion) to surrender a former male model in the North Devon seat he had held for 20 years.

But Tory strength drops off noticeably in the less prosperous industrial north of England and Scotland, where strong industrialists like shipbuilding and steel face massive layoffs if Thatcher proceeds to slash job-creating subsidies ("yesterday's jobs," as she calls them). Labor leaders like Sidney Webber of the railwaymen's union were quick to warn: "We are going to have a confrontation situation if they do what they say." And Shirley Williams, the popular education minister who, sent down to defeat in her London seat last week, added that only the "affluent south" could afford Thatcher, calling this "an election of the haves and have-nots."

Although Thatcher is expected to proceed slowly to unassemble the socialist coalition, it is almost inevitable that problems will arise. For one thing, the Tories have failed to explain adequately where they will get the money to pay for the estimated \$6 billion a year of proposed tax cuts—which Thatcher

regards as "paramount in the strategy" to get the economy moving again. Inevitably, along with selling off nationalized industries and down council housing, the government will have to resort to cutting some services. Thatcher's own experience as education minister under former prime minister Edward Heath, when she was branded the "nurse's natcher" for cutting free milk in schools, must remain a strong memory. Her promise to pull the government out of wage bargaining may initially press pressures for big hikes (under Callaghan, wage demands were somewhat successfully kept in control through a voluntary wage restraint agreement with unions). With the country's productivity still lagging behind everyone but Italy in the European Community, Britain cannot afford to return to the bad days of 30-per-cent wage jumps. And Thatcher will be stuck with the results of the wage responsibility studies for public sector workers, which may push the government wage bill much higher than expected this year.

The biggest fear, however, is that in her attempt to bring union power into line, she will be brought to her knees by union resistance, as was Heath by the miners in 1974. After all, Heath started out with the same basic platform: he too found himself bogged in an income policy, lowering the money supply and subsidizing industry in a generous degree. Since many governments will be the emotional de-

The problem in black and white

The sacred door leading to the offices of the National Assembly of Wales in the London suburb of South Wales is not only a doorway to a community of about 300,000 Welsh, where most speak one language, but also a doorway to a very different world. It is simply not safe to advertise one's color if it is South Wales, during the Welsh election campaign that a young teacher was beaten to death in an anti-Welsh riot. For the locals there is no doubt that the most visible problem to face Margaret Thatcher's government is the worsening relations between whites and the colored immigrants who make up almost 25 per cent of the population.

As in other ethnic conflicts, South Wales has become more and more northern and Midland. Four years ago a 17-year-old Asian student was stabbed to death by white thugs called "We're not speaking one of the country's new race role." That time, young Asians were caught up in their sides from going out to find a white victim to vent their frustration on the propaganda boom preparing for the inevitable clash—prompted on by the increasing strength of self-avowed racial groups like the National Front—and are crowding food courses on jobs, female and body building classes. In a 20-year-old, blue-collar worker says that South Wales' new

based to London's West End except in packs. Fight bloody battles to open up "white" pubs and in a tight spot the police to be against them. But hatred always leads with a credible intention in its eye.

British is unlikely to turn into a new "forming with blood," as the overriding right-wing English once predicted, but second-generation immigrants are running out of ground. In the 1970s, parents, who looked to their own future, sent their children, were prepared to put up with minor jobs in the hopes that their children would have better. But unemployment is rising higher among blacks than whites (in the industrial city of Leicester the percentage of male blacks in the labor force dropped as well as to 25 from more between 1972 and 1978) and it is becoming obvious that "the promises made to the first generation are not being kept," as Mel Austin of the Campaign for Racial Equality put it.

Ultimately the debate comes down to whether there is a problem as well as a multicultural society. So far there is no indication that it is. A small, black middle class has developed but 41 members elected Alistair, a 40-year-old black immigrant who worked his way up the assistant problem officer in South Wales, has little intention of moving to the white world. He says: "It's not how we feel. It's how the society says it." With the victory of Margaret Thatcher, who made immigration an election issue and who promised "strict controls" on the entry of immigrant workers and children, South Wales even more is open to the future.

Britain likely to come if Thatcher proceeds to drop economic sanctions against Rhodesia, since a fine role on hanging and fighting up immigration.

But the main factor in the debate about whether Thatcher will be able to stand up to the bruising pressure of the mammoth job she has set out for herself in 10-year-old "Maggie's" list.

No one underestimates her courage and doggedness (although references are made to her popping ulcers C and her visible signs of strain in moments of crisis). As she herself says, "Don't forget, I'm the grocer's daughter. I lived over the shop." Hard-working, high principled, she was a small-town student who won a bursary to Oxford, a degree in chemistry and then went on to become a lawyer. After several tries (and a marriage and birth of two sons) she was first, Pinchey in London, who she has kept ever since. Her toughness in debate, especially on the shadow treasury bench, marked her as a rising star. And her cool negotiation in 1975 of the two-year-old defeated Heath, despite some formidable party infighting, marked her as a durable tortoise.



WHO CAME HOME

Party	Seats
Conservative	339
Labour	208
Liberal	11
Welsh Nationalist	5
Scottish Nationalist	6
United Irish Nationalist	1
and others	18
Total	615

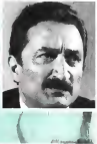
Martial law with a 'human' face

Turkey soon once again as the "sick man of Europe"—and recent events have done little to dispel that impression. A firm, left-centric coalition confronts an inflation rate of 60 per cent, a 60% of the working population is unemployed. Terrorism of the right and left has taken 1,000 lives in the past year. 70 provinces are under martial law and elections have been delayed in the country as the "sick man." Certainly, the mood of the army will again be crucial, as events last week made clear Tony Geraghty reports.

They are Muslims who shrink from the dogmatism now sweeping Iran and elsewhere. Like many soldiers they are spiritual so long as their side wins. Their many assurances could also be due to the fact that 31 out of 55 years of Turkish "democratic" life have been under military rule. Indeed, the most recent episode occurred as late as 1981 when the military took over for two years of what is euphemistically known as "guided democracy."

Of the eight, General Adnan Ersoy, a former First Army commander at Istanbul, stands out as a pro-Eurocentrist. The premier brought Ersoy out of re-

Ishtakim anililer on cartoon panel and (below) Ersoy, generalissimo—But is it his side



Their existence is unsuspected by most people in the outside world. But last week's military crackdown, when tanks were again out in the streets of Ankara and 1,000 people were arrested for delaying a ban on May Day marches, focused a grey light on the eight military mercurials who now underwrite Turkey's party-loving premier Süleymen Ersoy.

These men who dominate the country's security apparatus, and about whom astonishingly little is known, are more easily described collectively than as individuals. They are family men in their 50s and 60s—originally from the middle or working classes but long since absorbed into a professional military caste. Loyal, long service and graduation from Turkey's military academy means that they now enjoy such perks as chauffeur-driven limousines, bodyguards for themselves and their families and, almost certainly, a slice of the commercial class discreetly spread abroad by multinational to the Army Mutual Aid Corporation.

troops in the demonstration which resulted. Significantly, a government apology to the people followed, though 800 of those arrested remain behind bars.

In all the circumstances it may seem paradoxical that the eight are not likely to seize power formally. But their last essay in direct government, accompanied by massive arrests and torture, was disastrous for their image with the people and it took the criticism of Cypriotes in 1984 to refurbish it.

So it clearly is to their advantage to leave Ersoy in place to prove that "martial law with a human face" is not a mere slogan. And while Ersoy remains, the economic problems is his also. The eight mercurials, meanwhile, are in the comfortable position of enjoying power with minimal public accountability.

South Africa

One remedy for labor pains

No member of South Africa's 4.2 million-strong black labor force who has managed to land a job has ever been shocked to discover that discrimination awaits him in the work place as elsewhere. But there were some flickers of hope for change last week. After 10 months of deliberation the multiracial Wiehahn Commission on labor laws—named for its chairman, labor lawyer M. Wiehahn—had Part I of a series of reports it is preparing tabled in parliament.

The report recommended granting full trade union rights to workers of all races, phasing out of the remaining areas of statutory job reservations left on the books, bringing in equal pay for equal work, and opening up apprenticeship training to all races.

The recommended dealing with trade union rights was the big one. White blacks these days are legally restricted to manual tasks in only few trades—the mines, auto factories and construction—and while access to apprenticeships is not formally restricted by race, most white unions have regulated "industrial order bars" with employers whereby skilled jobs have been reserved for members of registered unions.

But remaining areas of job reservations should be phased out rather than dropped, the report said, because customary reserved rights lead to "industrial unrest" (there were bitter union reactions last week), and better such as segregated tailors and engineers should be decided by workers and employers after



Black laborer at jail window: martial law

dropping laws that require such separations.

That said, the country's leading black newspaper, the *Post*, merely shifted the responsibility for apartheid from "the state to the private sector." And much of the early enthusiasm of white commentators was dampened, following Labor Minister Fanie Boshoff's refusal to acceptance of black unions, by his failure to commit himself to a timetable and his clear indication that the right to organize would not be extended to migrant workers from other countries or South Africa's black "homelands." One Western diplomat remarked this would amount at least two million blacks.

The proposition that an important breakthrough was in prospect was further weakened by the apparent motives for the proposed concessions. One was that there simply are not enough white skilled workers in an armed way now, another that the hundreds of thousands of unemployed blacks represent a constant threat to white security, a third that the economy is dominated by foreign subsidiaries which are under increasing pressure to accept a measure of racial justice in their operations.

But any relief would be welcome within an industrial system that pays its white winners up to \$1,700 a month compared to average black earnings of \$170 a month. And the day before the Wiehahn report was tabled, a South African church group produced a survey of the agricultural industry showing that more than half the farm workers interviewed were being paid less than \$4 a week. Sometimes they get half a bag of "milk-meat" an well, sometimes not. Piet Swart, deputy director of the South African Agricul-



tural Union, reacted indignantly. The union's statistics showed conclusively that the average full-time farm worker's salary was \$636 a week, he said.

Ecuador

A people's man in the palace

For years the question was, would the army deliver on its promise of free elections? With delivery completed early last week, the skeptics were at it again. Would Ecuador's armed forces now get up with Jaime Roldós Aguilera, the 50-year-old "people's man" who was so convincingly?

The army certainly had done its best for the better night. Roldós Roldós had been, though it has an official popular candidate and mandatory

Mandatory voting: Indians in poverty



voting grievous probably only made the voters more determined. After nine years in power, the soldiers chose the end of a golden period of oil exports to step aside. The economy had expanded enormously and as trade and commerce grew, so did the middle class.

But the added inflation also increased the extreme poverty of the Indians who make up 40 per cent of the country's seven million population. In addition, while the military government was long on promises of social reform, its failure to follow through brought Roldós the support of almost 70 per cent of the 1,444,640 voters cast. Clearly, reform had found supporters among the letter-headed voters as well, perhaps mollified by Roldós' "absolute guarantee" that he would give private enterprise as long a leash as before.

Though Roldós' plans for agrarian and labor reform, a continued government hand in the economy and other measures might scrape under the military's guard, other plans—implied in his campaign slogan "Roldós is the presidency, democracy in power"—might not. Armed Ecuadorians would likely have been the election had the military not presented him from running because of his leftist views. Bucaram promptly passed the torch to Roldós and there were suspicions that Roldós might simply open the door of the presidential palace for his wife's uncle, who has widely been noted the popular mantle of José María Velasco Ibarra, who was elected to five terms as president, but only finished one because of military coup.

At being well, however, Ecuadorians should be able to spend the months up to Aug. 15 when he takes power, getting to know Roldós, the liberal in the rusty white suit and matching breeches, whose imprudent eloquence at the podium is a speech writer's dream. So, presumably, will the military governments in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil and Peru, all of which have held an eventual return to democracy. Michael Chaston



U.S.A.

Suns and lovers: Jimmy and Jane

By William Lowther

The United States learned for the first time late last week from Health Secretary Jesse California that at least two and maybe 16 of its citizens will die of cancer as a direct result of the Three Mile Island nuclear accident. The nation was also told that a firm of oncology peculiar to pigs that carry radioactive water could cause nearly 16 of the country's 30 licensed nuclear power stations and cost \$600 million over the next year.

Many, maybe even most, people are now scared and skeptical about the future of the industry. This week, as a giant anti-nuclear rally centered in Washington, there was greatly increased attention on the prospects for solar power. Indeed, a confrontation seemed to be shaping up between President Jimmy Carter, on the nuclear camp, and California's Governor Jerry Brown, a rival for the Democratic nomination, on the solar side. Political strategists gave Brown little chance of defeating Carter. But they predicted he would force the government to give solar energy more financial backing.

Obviously, the nuclear lobby could hardly have taken a worse battering. Broadcast interviews with Americans from all walks of life reflected a feeling that the authorities had not told the truth about the risks, or the dollar

costs, of nuclear fuel. That feeling was powerfully reinforced at week's end when California told a questioning Congress that radiation levels from the Three Mile Island accident were twice as high as those previously reported.

Then California, who only a month ago was saying there would be no cancer deaths, went on to give the number of cancer deaths which "isolated probability" indicated would occur. In addition, he said, there would be 10 "non-fatal" cancers.

As he spoke, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) was being told across town that a corrosion problem called "venting" had been discovered in nuclear plants. The Surry II plant in Virginia had already been closed and a hurried check had revealed that 12 other nuclear plants were affected to a "moderate" or "serious" degree, while 37 more were thought to be susceptible.

That flood of highly corrosive information came only days after the publication of two other scary studies by the National Academy of Sciences. These set the total human price for atomic energy in the U.S. at 2,000 deaths from cancer by the end of the century. Little wonder that this week's anti-nuclear demonstration in Washington was expected to draw hundreds of thousands. Apart from the strong emotional content, the demo was attracting the backing of celebrities like Jane Fonda and

Brown, with solar panels in background, direct result of reactor accident.

Ten Hayden, who guaranteed media coverage.

In the end, however, the issue may boil down to one of costs—and here the evidence shows signs of having been deliberately "simplified." Carter and his Energy Secretary James Schlesinger have claimed repeatedly that nuclear is the most efficient and cheapest power source. But two days apart trying to find companions of energy costs last week were fruitless. Taking into account the enormous capital investment in nuclear installations, the department of energy could not realistically provide figures to show how oil, gas, coal, hydro, solar and nuclear compared.

But Richard Mueser, director of the solar lobby in Washington, recalled "Twenty-five years ago, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss predicted that nuclear power would be 'too cheap to measure.' There is growing evidence that it is not."

Construction costs of the Pilgrim nuclear plant near Plymouth Rock, for instance, had increased from \$65 million in 1960 to \$220 million in 1972, spiking the price of energy the plant produced from 89¢ per kilowatt to \$300. But, adds Mueser, comparing current successes and failures is "not the crux of the nuclear debate—the real issue is whether nuclear power will become commercial in the future." And it is increasingly difficult to predict that it will. Since 1969 and other plant capital costs have increased six times, the price of the fuel has more than quadrupled, fuel enrichment costs have skyrocketed and, much as no satisfactory means of waste disposal has yet been found, that cost is still unknown.

Not long ago Carter had solar panels fitted to the White House roof and new bathes in solar-heated water. His critics say, however, that that is merely a symbolic solar holiday. Denis Hayes points out that the Carter administration has allotted seven per cent of the 1980 energy budget to solar research, while giving 24 per cent to nuclear power.

A longer leash for the CIA

The Central Intelligence Agency may be given back its cloak and dagger. President Jimmy Carter has asked Congress to lift some of the restrictions placed on it over the past five years. But although he was busy last week assuring senators that he has no intention of letting the agency be-

come involved in assassination plots or private wars, as it was in the 1950s and 60s, he was nevertheless proposing to grant the country's spies a good deal of additional power.

Under the charter sent to the Senate's select committee on intelligence for consideration last week, the agency would be able to finance secretly foreign political parties without first getting



Turner: His cloak and dagger may return

White House permission. That would again directly involve the CIA in plotting the affairs of other nations. It would also permit permission to plant phony news stories in foreign publications to try to steer public opinion to unopposed States viewpoints and would be free to act pretty much as it saw fit on what are termed "limited operations." Moreover it would be largely up to CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner to decide what is important "world tension."

The reason for the change is that under the Hughes-Ryan Act of 1976 the president has had to approve every covert operation—and it is understood from White House sources that the restrictions left him feeling "uncomfortable." He would rather know nothing of the CIA's nefarious plans—by far the most controversial opinion, politically. Should another country complain about CIA interference, Carter can truthfully say he is not involved. In up along this is known as "plausible deniability," and former president Richard Nixon often resorted to it.

Evening of the current restrictions will also be acceptable to the CIA, which feared its agents' "effectiveness" hampered. A White House official said that on several occasions the agency had been unable to engage in covert operations "simply because a president didn't

have the time on his schedule to be briefed and to make a decision."

The proposals have already stirred controversy in the intelligence committee. Critics warned last week that any relaxation could lead to new abuses by the CIA, whose officials' records showed that it could not be trusted. Nevertheless the president's plan could become law by summer, allowing the CIA once again to send its spies out into the world.

Wisdom from the mouths of babes

The idea reeked of a publicity stunt. There was the granddaddy figure of U.S. Senator Alan Cranston, 64, on Capitol Hill, and there, in Cranston's subconscious in child and teenage development last week on Sawe the Children Day, were 30-11- and 12-year-olds invited before the senators and the TV cameras. The excuse to mark the International Year of the Child children all over the United States were asked to write about their problems, perceptions and hopes. The 20, all from Washington, were present to read out the replies.

The event seemed guaranteed to reinforce cynicism, but somehow it didn't. The sincerity of the children disarmed suspicion. In her big round hand, Heather Wheeler of Novato, California, wrote: "Children are worrying about things like their parents getting a divorce. Well, maybe this has nothing to do with saving the children. But I think it has something to do with children's hearts."

A girl from the second grade ex-

pressed the fears of millions in another simple tale. "I am worried about the war. I get a strange feeling that something is going to happen and I have bad dreams." From Waukegan, Heidi Galt, 10, told the department of health: "I wish my Mom would stop smoking. Her lungs will turn black and I do not want that to happen. Can you make the price of cigarettes go up?" There was even a plea for Canada, said one child. "Something should be done about the customs—they don't have a sign saying 'Welcome to the United States.' It Canada they have flags and signs."

But the most dramatic response was a three-page missile from an Indian girl on the Pacific reservation in the Arizona desert. Wrote Norma Kitch-12: "The U.S. is wasting a lot of things that are real valuable. Like the \$2 billion that President Carter is going to pay Israel and Egypt. Some people here are starving and some of that money could be used for food and clothing. These other countries are just going to use that money for armaments."

Norma's other views were equally pungent: "People don't really need electricity... and we don't need cars. In a better world people should ride horses and in every town there would be just one bus to take the old people around. The animals would be happy. The air would be clean. There wouldn't be any nuclear plants."

After the hearing Cranston went before the full Senate to report. Said he: "The letters said the problem that children want their futures to be taken into account by those who make the decisions... it is a message that all lawmakers and policymakers should heed." If they don't want their own futures redefined, that is. Catherine Fox

Kids on Capitol Hill alarmed suspicion



'We fear.' Norms should have said to follow.



People

If I thought I could do more to change Britain as the streets or through the political parties, I'd go there," says Manchester-born Trevor Griffiths, whose searing and sometimes brutal play about working-class would-be artists, *Comedians*, opened a season at its Broadway opening in 1978 when one patron rushed forward crying, "This play is making me!" Griffiths, 44, isn't expecting receiving the streptococcal nodding at the Theatre's Theatre Plus premiere of *Comedians*, a political drama set in the revolutionary 1930s in Italy, but he does believe that "plays should be dangerous even if they cause disturbances." After a four-year slouch from the British "fringe" to a National Theatre production starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Griffiths now concentrates on television. His Thames TV series *Bill Brand* caught over 100 million viewers and a six-part adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* to be shot on location in four countries, is in the works. "The truth is," says the socialist playwright, "I feel a stranger in the theatre."

How does a direct descendant of William the Conqueror who lives in a castle in Ireland and was born in Argentina end up playing to four standing-room-only audiences in Newfoundland when the rest of Canada has barely heard of him? Well, that's what happened to balladist Chris deBurgh, whose 16-stop, cross-Canada tour winds up this week in Vancouver. Record stores in St. John's can't keep up with the demand for deBurgh's records. His 1978

offering, *Spanish Train & Other Stories*, has recently gone platinum and as deBurgh's unique blend of traditional Irish and some "medieval folk-rock" travels the land, his current *Unraveler* album is expected to turn gold before the year ends. All of that alchemy is a mystery to deBurgh who is at a loss to explain his popularity with Newfoundlanders. "Perhaps it's the fact that the people face the Atlantic that gives them an affinity for my songs. Who knows?"

Ah, the trials of working girls. Just trying to get a little exposure, the *Complete* of Dallas cheerleader Jane posed for Playboy magazine last December in costumes that revealed what little there was left to football fans' imaginations. Their mammalian celeb-

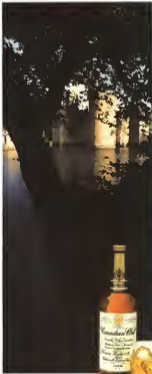


Sherwood Forest. Kellan, Pierce and Kaylor: One Cowgirl had 'something really real' to say

ity sent ripples through footballdom and, to escape the restrictions placed on their self-expression, 25 of the sideline boys and granders formed the *Texas Cowgirls*. Now they have taken their act on the road, bouncing into gigs like the recent Pacific Motorsama Custom Car Show in Vancouver. Gone are the 100-per-game days of Dallas, each Cowgirl is now collecting up to \$1,000 per week for promotions, with offers from Australia, South Africa and Europe, and several have guested on the *Mary Griffe* show. *Playboy* has offered centrodol spreads to Cowgirls Dawn Stansell and Nicole Kellan, both 25, but as Stansell says, "We're at the point now where people ask us to do things with our clothes on." Ten of the girls will appear in *North Dallas Forty*, a football movie, starring Mac Davis and Mick Nails, to be released this fall. They play cheerleaders. As Stansell, Kellan, Debra Kaplin, 26, and Susan Farnon, 20, wrapped up their dapper routine in Vancouver, Kellan parroted "I had something really real to say and I forgot it totally." Be seeing you, girls.

"Thank God life didn't make me an actress," sighs Margaret Laurence, 52, the first lady of CanLit who makes her screen debut this week when the National Film Board premieres its salute to the author and her work at her alma mater—the University of Winnipeg. The one-hour documentary, *Margaret Laurence, First Lady of Newfoundland*, features folkie interviews with the novelist recalling her first tricycle and her childhood penchant for skipping ginane practices in favor of writing stories in a five-cent scribbler. There are laconic comments from neighbors and from pundits such as *Saturday Night* Editor Robert Pallard (who describes Laurence as "a nice middle-aged lady") and her English butcher (who recalls her fondness for "marmoset and chicken porridge"). Laurence does talk seriously about her work and interspersed are scenes of Neepawa, Manitoba ("Manitoba" in her novels), with actress Jagne Entwistle reading almost autobiographical texts from such well-known Laurence novels as *The Stone Angel* and *The Diviners*. Laurence has no more film plans, but writer/director Robert Deneen, 33, hopes the film will be a prototype for a series about living Canadian writers. "It's a rare thing to be doing, getting some of us while we are still around," says Laurence. Playing little faith in the "immortality" stakes, Laurence is currently spending her mornings at her home in Lakeside, Ontario, writing "something" that superstition forbids her to reveal.

Sherwood Forest. Where the woods remind us of Robin Hood.



Where the castle reminds us of a daring rescue.



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Canadian Club
The taste of home



Sports

The Bid and kid spectacular

By Joe Fialkoff

It's the blood that makes it intriguing. Blood means connections, connections mean families (both equine and human) and families, depending on your bent, are sources for gossip or for learning. Of course, there is the fame and the money which, in contemporary thought, brings on back so blood.

Let's start with the principles. At the beginning, the 1965 Kentucky Derby was to be mainly a showcase for the dark grey colt Spectacular Bid. He had the proper credentials: His father is Bid Ruler, who is a son of Bold Ruler, who professed Secretariat, which is in his saying his name sprang from. Bid Ruler's got sons, grandsons and great grandsons have produced one of the last race Derby winners. Bid Ruler himself stood as a legend—his father is Bid Ruler, who was in 1964. So it was safe to say Spectacular Bid was, upstairs and downstairs, really good.

And on the track the grey didn't do his job right. Approaching the Derby he

had won 12 of 14 starts over nine different surfaces. In his two defeats (one second and one fourth) he had, as the owner says, had racing luck. Also, he had record on the East Coast. That is an important fact. In classic racing in North America, geographical noobery counts for lengths. It's where a youngster went to school. The East Coast has Exeter, the West Coast has Exeter. The distinction somehow affects the forelegged as well.

So he seemed impeccable. Only his winning margins were vulgar. A bit of speculation. He won by as much he looked as if he was in quarantine. But it's never that easy to divine. Dismay look for flaws, gossip in the past to connect the mystery.

His trainer, Grover (Buddy) Delp, and his 10-year-old jockey, Ron Franklin, became suspect. Delp is a successful trainer on the Maryland circuit but his stock for the most part is cheap claiming horses. He never had a big horse before and the heady experience went to his mouth. During Derby week

in the bare area, Delp sounded like a machine man on a career show. He was a humorist about his horse proclaiming that if another Secretariat was in the upcoming field, the 1965 Derby might—just might—be an interesting race. He added that it would take an act of God to beat Bid. When challenged about his braggadocio he claimed that if his horse could talk he would accuse his trainer of selling him short. A vocalized Bid would be even more contentious.

This haughty ruffled traditionalists. Trainers of East Coast horses just don't carry on this way—especially the trainer of the East Coast horse. The game became malignant. Spectacular Bid was naive, the horse was ill-trained, Delp drained him, insisting on grumpy margins of victory, the horse had tortoise-like fractions—he would die in the Churchill Downs stretch. Delp was unrepentant. He cited two of his kids, Howard Conell and Muhammad Ali.

Then there was the use of the kid. Franklin had only a season-and-a-half of riding. The turf cognoscenti publicly

labeled him at their kindest "a green kid." The private life was never still.

Twice he had given the horse horrendous rides and even his champion Delp was moved to fire him, only to recant. Worse yet, the kid looked like a kid. Not refreshingly all-American like Steve Cauthen, but like an innocent in God's aid innocent with flaming acne. You wouldn't give the keys to the Mustang to such an embodiment of irresponsibility, the logic went.

But here Delp was at his most fetching. He simply professed love. Franklin was to him like a "son." "The horse ran beautifully for the boy." Franklin's strength was that he was an evangelist about the horse as Delp. The kid proclaimed that if his steed were created, heaven would tell as that he would win by 15 or 16 lengths. On the backstretch Delp would put his arm around the boy to protect him from the hostile reporters. He had one, presumably to Delp, was the boy blossomed in the Derby to be Father and son. Even surrogate blood lines.

So Delp's fanboyish conduct moved the pundits to other horses. The primary one was California's Flying Paster. Even with his impressive credentials of 10 wins in 14 starts, with three seconds and a third, and as much money was as Spectacular Bid, Paster would not normally have been given that much credence.

The heralding of California's super horse (remember Billy Sullivan?) are usually viewed in the East with the skepticism of press releases announcing that Tom Hatter wants to play Hamlet. But Alberto-Joe Goodman, Campbell, Paster's trainer, was reserved and workmanlike—very much like an easterner. His Paster's Hollywood Derby was an awesome bit of racing. Not only

did he win by 20 lengths, but he broke Affirmed's record for the same race. He also ran the fastest mile-and-a-half of any three-year-old in the land as he had the 42-year-old veteran Donald Pierce in the iron.

Syndicists began to call up named fans. Paster's sire Giacomo (named after one of the Marx Brothers) had lost to Bid's daddy twice, but Paster's dam (mother), Ponce, beat Bid's dam, Spectacular, twice. So did California have a money interest to smother the paternal Delp?

It didn't stop there. On Wednesday, when Secretariat's son, General Assembly, worked dutifully, the incense madmen, or in this case the feed-bag purveyors, were at it again. General Assembly had disappointed in the Wood Memorial as had his father. His father came to Kentucky and worked five furlongs in 38 2/5. General Assembly worked the same distance in 37 2/5. To be told, six years ago in May 5 was when Secretariat set the Derby record?

Then there was the lightly rated New York colt Screen King who threw an entire afternoon workout. He was owned by Robert S. Weir. Who better to upset a trainer who went mental and a colt who had his baptismal roots tied to the Marx Brothers?

On Thursday, when the post positions were drawn, it was spilling rain and more was predicted. The prognosticators were now truly madmen. The spongy Bid drew inside, General Assembly and Screen King the middle and the late-closing Paster the outside. It was set for a perfect tactical race.

But there was one more twist. A mauler (a nose winner), who lost his races by an average of half lengths, Great Endeavor, was named in a variety move by his owner, Dr. J. A. Mohamed, a

Franklin, Bid and trainer, approximately.



born-again Christian Christian Redeemer's father was Holy Land, who fell in the 1970 Derby. The fourth-race colts were, with its deadweight white elephant, beside the old track itself because of some statey manumans where a history of family fortune race and fall.

For whatever the reason—perhaps the presence of Great Endeavor's son, after a substantial of three days, reappeared on Derby day. The horse would be granted a dry track and the infield revelers dry and for their wet activities.

The early race was won a shade off the times of previous Derby days, so the promise of a track record was impossible. But the track could be described as dull-fast, which is the equivalent of calling a woman "not interesting." The track would be serviceable but not passably involved.

The ill-maintenance in the post parade were steady in department in spite of the blame of My Old Kentucky Home and occasional bailiages of Epsom and the infield. As the pack broke from the gate, one suffered a pang of déjà vu. For three-quarters of a mile General Assembly and Sham (one of Secretariat and Sham) went head to head.

The favorite, Bid, was in fourth and the second choice, Flying Paster, was in third. On the first turn, the veteran Pierce and Ronne Franklin by carrying the kid and his wide. It would be the time for the rest of the trip that there was hernage to go.

Going down the back side, Paster seemed strangely uninterested. Perhaps it was the track, since the horse's action was shoddy. He was climbing the track, not racing on it.

Approaching the mile, Bid made a move at General Assembly Paster made his first serious threat also. Turning into the stretch, the three horses were but a length-and-a-half apart. The drums ended abruptly when Bid, clearly the best, drew off to a 2 1/2-length victory over General Assembly, with Paster faltering a struggling fifth. The time for the mile-and-a-quarter was 2:02 and two-fifths—15 lengths off the great Secretariat's record.

The calculations. Franklin was unrepentant of what he had, on the new Eddie Amaro, for his flawless ride. Delp was made to look president, which reinforces the theory that all prophets are leadwheels anyway. And for those who weighed \$44,393 on Great Endeavor, they can take notice in that they can't their breed.

A cacophony of promissory notes

The Liberals and Conservatives have extended their traditional roles in the election campaign with the former promising liberal programs and the latter making liberal promises. But Conservative leader Joe Clark insists there are no contradictions between his fiscal prudence and his goal of a robust federal deficit. The promised tax cuts, says Clark, would stimulate the economy and produce more, not less, revenue for the

government. In addition, he has recommended large cuts in the spending side. NDP leader Ed Broadbent also argues that government revenues would increase with tax cuts, but says the deficit would—and should—be higher. Here are the parties' promises, as compiled by Broadbent's reporter Ben Clymer, and the cost for voting, in the case of Conservatives pending only.

Program	Estimated net cost to federal treasury; bracketed figures indicate savings	Other party net cost to federal treasury
LIBERALS		
Provincial Development Fund for Canada's industry	\$118 million	
Employers share purchase scheme	\$50 million a year	
New dry dock for Maritime Shipyards	\$30 million	
Aid for Spiky Steel Corp.	\$80 million	
Aid for electronics and satellite industries	\$75 million	
Amendments to 1,000 hours for gun handling	\$4 million	
Impresso: Kapsner's shop support	\$5 million	
Eastlink: Air-cargo ship support	\$4.8 million	
Grants to WHA clinics and Hamilton for hockey clubs	\$18 million	
Location in home-ownership program	\$240 million	
Allow provinces to contribute to GPP	uncertain	
New Prime/Canada division as alternative energy sources	uncertain	
Expanded travel program for youth and senior citizens	\$20 million a year	
Support for new downtown shopping complex in Ottawa	\$40 million	
Aid for new trade centre in Vancouver	\$10 million	
TOTAL: \$12 million a year plus \$27.1 million of one-time expenditures		
CONSERVATIVES		
Reduction of mortgage interest and property taxes	\$1.8 billion a year	
Exemption of a small business	\$250 million a year	
Personal income tax cuts	\$2 billion a year	
Corp. Laid-Canada	\$78 million a year	
Impresso II: Kapsner's shop support	\$2.7 million	
New dry dock for Maritime Shipyards	\$30 million	
Youth Employment Supplement	uncertain	
Tax cuts for corporations in depressed regions	uncertain	
Subsidies to travel within Canada by young people	\$2 million a year	
Increases of 50 per cent in glass-bottling capacity	uncertain	
Tax breaks for artists and firms in cultural fields	\$125 million a year	
Tax credits for research and development	uncertain	
Abolition of capital gains tax on shares in Canadian corps	\$50 million a year	
Reduction of capital gains on other goods	\$50 million a year	
Tax credits for small business	\$125 million a year	
Refunds on accounting for corps	\$100 million a year	
Progratante subsidies for job reductions	\$20 million a year	
Energy conservation programs	\$68.7 million a year	
Amendments to 1,000 hours	\$10.5 million a year	
Improved services to adolescents	\$24.5 million a year	
Agri-cultural research agency	\$1 million a year	
Amendments to 1,000 hours	\$10 million a year	
Improved emergency control measures	\$1 million a year	
Research and development and education grants	\$22 million a year	
Amendments to 1,000 hours	\$179 million a year	
Freedom of Information Act	\$5 million a year	
Old age security for widows aged 65-69		\$12 million a year
Allow businesses to contribute to GPP		uncertain
Home health care for the elderly		\$15 million a year
Investment in fisheries development		\$5 million a year
Expenditure of various other activities		\$20 million a year
Reduction of downtown highway in Winnipeg		\$50 million
Slow down abandonment of Prime rail line		uncertain
Survey Prime Canada		\$20 million
Relief passes to WHA clinics and Hamilton for hockey clubs		\$10 million
Devises to make oil industry investments		\$10 million a year
Expenditure of 80-90 public service jobs		\$1 million a year
Devises to improve and expand public service jobs		\$50 million a year
Cutbacks in unemployment insurance		\$100 million a year
TOTAL: \$2.75 billion a year plus \$78.7 million of one-time expenditures		
NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY		
Tax credits for low and middle income earners		\$1.8 billion a year
New dry dock for Maritime Shipyards		\$30 million
Mortgage subsidies for families earning less than \$30,000		\$150 million a year
Allow businesses to contribute to GPP		uncertain
Aid for Spiky Steel Corp.		\$80 million
Paid for women's centres		\$125 million a year
Increased job training for women		\$20 million a year
Research scheduled for a hotel		\$200 million a year
Price index for oil		uncertain
Cancelled small business		uncertain
Aid for public housing		\$12 million a year
Municipal worker provide		\$100 million
Grading services		\$200 million
Grants to research and education grant elevators		\$200 million
Unemployment benefit		\$200 million
New housing program		\$200 million
Portals closed and refit industries		\$100 million a year
Regulation of Canada pension act age 55		uncertain
Random forestry research		\$8 million a year
Aid to independent in contract		uncertain
UNO lectures		\$40 million
Federal loans for land projects		\$100 million
Random unemployment insurance cuts		\$575 million
Extension of Medicare to dental care glasses		\$1 billion a year
Amendments of GPP for aid and aid for aid		\$2 billion
Double foreign aid		\$1 billion a year
TOTAL: \$2.35 billion a year plus \$8 billion of one-time expenditures		
Long-term objectives not included in totals		

No bus-stop talk or cafeteria chatter—just blind faith an election's out there

By Rodrick McCQueen

Allegedly, News Radio, 1666, and the excellent George News, federal quarter of transport, is in town for an election meeting. Out for a walk, he meets two locals who matter about the needed cars for high employment in the city's a sheltered group. One says the bottom half of News's Social Fair as he wraps his smiling arms around the man "Come on boys," he says, "demonstrating their change, 'not on the budgeting'." It was, of course,

the election this was John the federal newspaper in with 200 seats, the election where policy didn't matter, where the moment from the 1957 minority victory was everything. No one is ending a business this time, but the election of 1979 does have one thing in common with 1958: nobody is talking seriously about this one either. There is little to be said in the election, but the election is a cafeteria chatter. Just like the restaurant peering through a telescope at a black hole in space that by definition is nothing, we can only take on blind faith that there's an election out in the country somewhere.

While there's no lack of political promises by the three parties (see opposite pages), there is a blind faith by politicians and operators alike to think about Canada's economic future and plan the future. For example, after five bartering and counterproductive inflation groups, beginning with John Young's Prime and Business Commission in 1969 down to the National Commission on Inflation, the cost of living has risen at \$2 per cent. There has been Canada's War, Operation for Youth, LIP and who knows what other alphabet-soup job programs—and there are still one million out of work. Worldwide disagreement last year caused the Canadian dollar to become the leviathan of the Western world. And what of the allegations as the governing party stumbles in economic disaster? Is this spring's folly time, Joe Clark is presented as a

gathering of gaffes meant to be marked remembering a party that since promised assistance, he argues for a substantive deficit that digs the debt hole deeper. He plays Kouch for the Housestop with mortgages and property tax deductions. While it is one idea that has hit the downtown with a welcome third, Canada's real estate agents are brand for rising house prices if the scheme is brought in. The New Democratic Party doesn't seem to know if there is an election in the winning way.

Where, in all of this, are the substan-



five issues that set the tone for voter discontent? Sparks from past elections abound, but no focus are set. In 1962, the pegged 92-cent Dollar was a crisis. After the Bank of Canada spent almost \$5 billion propping up the 1978 dollar, no one will say, as it steadily heads higher, where it would sit so that imported inflation and export advantage are in balance. Two-thirds of Canada's trade is with the U.S. and 80 per cent is in debt-free. It's a figure that may be negotiated up to 90 per cent, making of the very responsibility that cost Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals the 1911 election. Those two age-old Canadian dilemmas, the worth of the dollar and economic uncertainty, should be issues—but they are not.

Or there's a larger issue, as Canada's corporations court their neighbor's assets. The Royal Commission on Corporate Governance, written by corporate apologues, and bigger is better. The prime minister, who set it up, and failed since 1971 to pass a competition

bill, says he can only control the symptoms, not power itself. And what of profits, up 50 per cent in the first quarter of 1979 and expected by many businessmen to be an more? The S&P has awarded the corporate well-being bonus and called for the break-up of George Weston Ltd. into several as yet undecided, but no one else grapples with the reduced consumer freedom since take-over binges.

Rather than having serious directions from the Liberals during this time when an economic course could be charted, Canadians are treated to a replay of the King-of-Chaos line of Mackenzie King as Prime Trudeau. King, the son and heir of national unity across his economic past. Clark's schizophrenic economic policy is both push and pull together, even loyal workers admit he isn't hurting people on the ground. The government as all industry to cap Trudeau as possible lightning rod for past problems, Clark as potential body part to future promise. The public says a yes on all these issues.

And partly and anger feel a focus, there is no place for serious debate to occur and no person to lead it.

There are three explanations for the silence that pervades this election. First, it is the kind of vote divergent that precedes action, second, there is serious indecision, third, simple apathy. Truth is, no one knows what it is said after. The great bright hope that remains for this country (which takes everything too seriously except the important thing is the War of 1812 debate. Then, the leaders make the case directly, without the distortion of media filters or the retakes of advertising footage.

If that debate is restored only by the remote host or stimulus, not everyone will lose it. It is a tragedy, indeed, tragedy will be triumph. If the silent public sits, tapping into the television leaders like maple trees in the spring, picking patches over policy, Canada will get the sap, but not the maintenance, it deserves.

Legal beagles track the buck

The first spectator last week was an elderly, nondescript hanger-on who sat reading *Post Life* in one of the few remaining easy chairs in the New York courtroom. Only after more than 100 people had jammed in did he bother to ask what troubling trial was scheduled for that afternoon. "Securities," he was told. Disappointment flashed across his face, he closed his magazine and left to find a better seat. His empty chair was grabbed up by one of the wall-to-wall lawyers gathered as Braceras Ltd. took as Edger Equities Ltd. At issue was Edger's ac-

quise purchase, earlier in the week, of 67 million Braceras shares worth \$175 million—almost one-third ownership—in the American Stock Exchange (Amex). After watching F.W. Woolworth Co.'s legal wrangling in fight off Braceras's \$1.3-billion take-over bid last month (*Money's*, April 23), Braceras has adopted a few measures of its own. Last week it sought investigations by the federal department of commerce and corporate affairs, as well as the Ontario Securities Commission, and obtained a temporary restraining order in the U.S. district court of Southern New York, thus halting Edger's purchase. It was the confirmation of that order before Judge Pierre Leval that packed the third-floor courtroom Thursday with enough lawyers for even the judge to comment on the money machine set in motion. When Braceras lawyer William Manning appealed to stop the "action" (reading to Braceras), Judge Leval said to voice-breaking laughter: "Surely you don't mean the action for the lawyers?"

Edger had purchased 33 million shares Monday on the Amex after the Ontario Securities Commission had rejected a request the previous week by Edger to buy Braceras on the Toronto Stock Exchange if Braceras's bid for Woolworth failed. According to Edger Chairman Peter Brumman, he was opposed to the Woolworth bid "it was incumbent on Edger to either put up or shut up." He put up—and bought 15 per cent of Braceras to go with the five per cent he already owned. Speaking for

Braceras Chairman John Moore (below), Edger's Peter Brumman put up as shut up.

owners of an additional 15 per cent of shares, he asked Braceras to abandon its bid and call a shareholders' meeting to discuss management's actions. When there was no positive response, Edger bought an additional 3.6 million shares Tuesday to hold about 31 per cent itself, now claiming to speak for about 45 per cent.

With Woolworth Chairman Edward F. Gibbons as front-row spectator, counsel for Braceras attempted to portray it as champion of the little guy with Edger cast as a masked and private force. Ringer manipulating large institutions into selling blocks of Braceras shares because its legal tender offer in Canada had not been approved. "The small Braceras shareholders never knew what was going on," as Edger moved on the U.S. exchange, Braceras argued. Edger acted like the girl who breaks an engagement. Referring to the Monday statement indicating it owned sufficient shares of Braceras and to the further Tuesday purchases, Edger counsel Raymond Fells asked "Is it against the law to change your mind? We learned our association was not enough to prevent Braceras from going ahead with the Woolworth offer." A procession of lawyers from the Amex and New York Stock Exchange, as well as lawyers acting for individual brokers, argued that massive confusion would occur if Edger's purchases were blocked.

Judge Leval agreed, allowing the 67 million shares to change hands, but before he could rule on Braceras's request that Edger be barred from acquiring further stock or proceeds, word came that the Securities and Exchange Commission had suspended Braceras trading until May 12.

The proceedings before Judge Leval continue this week as the boardroom power battle is fought on three other fronts. South Carolina is investigating the Woolworth bid, the New York attorney general holds hearings May 14 and the Brazilian House of Representatives is to investigate the deal that gave \$177 million to Braceras when it sold light and set Braceras on the take-over trail.

As Judge Leval's courtroom emptied, interest turned to the other good show is even that day: sold out hearings, available only on cable television. One Canadian in the courtroom had his priorities straight. As the elevator door closed, he shouted back to a New Yorker: "What bar can you see the Ranger-Islander game at?"

Rita Christopher/Toddler McKee

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Lifestyles

The ups and downs of haltering racehorses

As a hobby, it has stump collecting beat from here to the south. After all, stump owners don't bother crawling out of bed at 5 a.m. to watch them pull. And stumps certainly don't have ears to scratch at necks to pet. But stumps also don't eat, walk, get sick or go lame. Horses do—especially thoroughbreds, those finely tuned, touchy, temperamental, invincible racing machines bred to hopes and dreams but more likely to produce terminal cancer of the waller. A man, thoughtfully joking at the ice in his drink the other day in the dining room at Toronto's Greenwood Race Track,



on a farm cost \$350 a month for feed and straw bedding.

"If we didn't have the little owners, we couldn't fill a race card," says Bruce Walker, director of publicity for the Ontario Jockey Club. And in Ontario the

5th and 6th Wrangler (top) in the winner's circle at Greenwood Race Track; Pole Position at Santa Anita racing track.

hobby horsemen have to knock around with the rich, powerful rumors out of the stables owned by chocolate millionaires Jack Stafford, puck millionaire Conn Smythe and everything millionaire E.P. Taylor ("Empty Pockets," as the boys in the barns have fondly labelled him).

"You always have the hope," says Calgary Herald race writer and two-horse owner Pat McManis, "that if you select your horse with a little expertise and a lot of luck, he'll be something special. It's not all in the winning. Much of it is in the anticipation." For every

judge took a drive view of Pole Position's big check to other horses on the track and disapproved the would-be Tiger Williams each time. Since then, Pole Position has cleaned up his act. Late last year and this spring he settled off six wins in a row, including a surprise upset of Kentucky Derby middle-distance Preakness in the \$82,000 San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita in California, and the Eldorado boys have a \$116,000 gold mine on their hands.

Gary Gervais, 31, Barry Jackson, 35, Fritz Brown, 37, and Bob Beane, 42, are partners in Wagon Wheel Processing, an

Edmonton packing plant. Their Eldorado stablemates are Fred Stabel, 43, a painting contractor, and Ernie Flata, 58, an electrical contractor. For Flata, it's his first fling with a horse. "I had only been to the races once in my life before we got Pole Position," Flata says. Now he sits with his wife, Ingrid, and three daughters are scolding him of spending too much time with the horses. He has only missed one Pole Position race, having managed to visit the winner's circle in Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Los Angeles. "And it's very doubtful now whether we'll ever

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put it all in perspective. "If I win \$1 million in the lottery," he explained, "I'm going to buy a couple of horses and race them until it's all gone."

There are plenty of Canadians each year willing to climb aboard the horse hobby. This Gardiner, race promotion chief at Calgary's Stampede Park, estimates that 80 per cent of the 1,200 head competing on the Alberta circuit are campaigning for "hobby horse" owners as they are known in the trade—wage earners, who prefer gambling \$5,000 on an upstart runner to plunking \$20 into the betting windows. Buying a horse is cheap compared with the \$20 to \$30 a day trainers charge to stable, feed and teach a horse to race. If the beast gets sick, the owner picks up the veterinarian's bills. And even worse—a horse



race winner, there are six sprays of six losers. But sure is a whole something else. Just ask the six Edmontonians who last year formed Eldorado Stables, shipped in \$4,500 each and stopped trainer Ed (Goody) Goodwin off to a sale in California to find their own stock. He came back with two fillies and two colts, one a \$12,500 mark, all compared, two-year-old named Pole Position, who immediately showed he had all the speed in the world by winning his first two starts. But the

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bring Pole Position back to Alberta." Flato says. "They go for too much money in the States to pay up, and as a California-bred he's not eligible for the major Canadian races."

As a two-year-old, Pole Position was so smart that exercise riders and grooms at Edgewater's Northlands Park refused to go near him. Now he's such a contender that, despite two drubblings in recent California stakes races, the partners are considering entering him in the Frodo and Belmont, two legs of the American Triple Crown, and they have turned down an offer of more than \$500,000 for the horse. "We went into the deal saying we could each afford to lose \$15,000," Flato says. "But even when the horse was going bad, our trainer told us to stick with it. We've been lucky. We've got money in the bank."

Luck. Peter Mosakos, a 25-year-old Toronto public-school teacher admits to having had his share—good and bad—in the 10 years he's been at the game. Two weeks ago, he had a filly named from him for \$12,500, the same price he had paid "10 cent a month's training bills, about \$700, plus a \$40 jockey's fee," Mosakos says. In order to equalize the culture of racing, many horses are given a value (training price) by the owner or trainer. The horse then races against horses of the same price. The catch is that if someone else wants the horse it can be taken by putting up the claiming price before the race. Claiming is racing's Wildcard for small owners, allowing them to get into the sport by buying a proven machine rather than putting money on untried yearlings of two-year-olds. And the major stakes don't deal with many cheap claimers.

Mosakos figures that he puts out \$5,000 a year to keep a one-horse stable. The bills are being paid by a five-year-old mare named Rite and Wrangler that Mosakos bought "for under \$5,000" two years ago and has steadily won some \$34,000 since moving up in class from the \$5,000 claimer level. As a teacher, Mosakos rarely gets to see his horse race. Instead, he rises early in the morning, drives out to the track to check on his horse, talks to the trainer and then heads off to school. "I usually find out how the horse did by listening to the radio," he says. "That's kind of frustrating." He and wife Barbara have a 19-month-old son, James, so weekends at the track are also a thing of the past.

"I've got about 23 photos of my horse in the winner's circle," says Mosakos, "and I'm only in five of the pictures." There are some 5,000 small owners in Canada, wishing they had the same equipment. **Tom Slater**

Health

The medicare issue — election sleeper?

By Warren Gerard

Canada's health care system is showing symptoms of terminal disease—brought about, mainly, by a shortage of money, bureaucratic inefficiency, political opposition, abuse, overuse and greed. Cracks in the system, just over a decade old, have been appearing for some time, but it is the doctors who have finally made the politicians sit up and say there is a crisis in medicare.

The doctors are fed up with what they perceive as inadequate incomes in *Weekend* magazine poll shows that 91 per cent of Canadians believe that doctors are overpaid and the striking opposition of *Doc Brother* in their free enterprise circles. In most provinces, notably Alberta and Ontario, physicians have demonstrated their dissatisfaction—25 per cent in Alberta, 59 per cent in Ontario—by balling up to 44 per cent above provincial fee schedules for some services.

This revolt led Monique Segre, the federal health minister, to ignore the provisions of giving doctors "income" fee increases—7.5 per cent in Alberta, 4.6 per cent in Ontario—and of trying to reform the system, which guarantees everyone the right of universal access to medicine. Thus the stage was set, only a short time before the election was called, for another battle of doctors in the continuing federal provincial wars. She went further, strangely, by threatening to not off payments to the provinces if universal medicine is threatened—a sure way to guarantee the destruction of the system.

Throughout the election campaign, Babin and her boss, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, have made ringing pledges to defeat universality. Trudeau has accused the provinces, especially the Tory provinces, of misusing the \$57 billion in federal transfer payments intended for health care. "It's the provinces that are not using the money as they're supposed to under the contract that has been signed with us to get that money."

He has a point. Narcosid received an increase of 14.6 per cent in transfer payments last year, but the provincial budget for health care increased only 7.8 per

cent. The budget in New Brunswick this year provides a \$16-million increase in health care spending while the federal contribution is up \$36 million. In both cases the cost sharing principle of health care—at least on the old 50-50 basis—appears to have been violated, but the fact of the matter, according to Ontario Treasurer Frank Miller, is that "the dollars are transferred to us unconditionally, not for health care."

It is a labor-made issue for the New Democratic Party. The issue, defined narrowly by party leader Ed Broadbent, is that the federal government created the problem in 1977 when it passed the Established Programs Financing Act. Only the 1977 act applied. Now the 1977 act's reference to the 50-50 cost-sharing arrangement.



"When it became apparent to them [the federal government] that this was not going to be a free proposition and that it would cost a fair amount of federal money," Broadbent says, "they reduced their long-term financial commitment by passing that 1977 act."

Before the act, the federal government shared 50 per cent of the cost, dollar for dollar, of these health programs it had agreed upon, but costs were rising astronomically and many provinces were providing programs beyond what the federal government had agreed—such as ambulance services, drug benefits for the old, nursing-home care, eyeglasses, etc. In fact, before the 1977 act, the provinces were

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paying \$1.8 billion for programs above and beyond the cost-sharing agreement with the federal government.

When Ottawa went to transfer payments, or block funding, it agreed to pay the amount it had been paying, increased each year by the increase in the Gross National Product, which has been between 3% and 4% per cent. Yet in the same time the cost of health care has increased at the rate of 16 per cent a year. Two things happened when the federal government went to transfer payments: most provinces found they were paying

much more than they should. The real issue is whether Canadians will be able to continue to seek medical care without having to pay more than they pay in income premiums.

If the results of the past few years continue, the answer is no. Some provinces, including Ontario, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Newfoundland, have increased interest-free loans. They reflect the fact that the health care system is a costly money. Since 1980 the amount of public and private funds for health care has increased at more than 30 per cent a year,

of the body and even detect a minute change in growth. The scanners cost up to \$800,000 and more than \$250,000 a year to operate. The new technology at trans-scans start-up cost, will undoubtedly replace much of the conventional technology, but for a period both techniques will be used.

Meanwhile, the doctors are the immediate concern. They have handled themselves poorly in the political arena and they have been less than effective in the schedule negotiations with provincial governments. Even governments admit that—specifically in the case of general practitioners. But 1979 statistics, the latest available from Revenue Canada, show they still earn more than other professionals—an average of \$49,000, slightly ahead of lawyers (\$44,500) and dentists (\$42,300), but increases in doctors' incomes have been seriously eroded in comparison to other professions in the past decade. The average doctor's relative spending power fell 32 per cent, while it climbed 54 per cent for lawyers, 68 per cent for dentists and 115 per cent for accountants.

While their spending power has been declining, their dissatisfaction has been increasing. It has led a number of them, 800 last year, to leave the country, most of them moving south of the border. Only \$40 left in 1975. A survey by the Medical Post, a Mackay-Quebec publication, found that doctors are so unhappy that nearly half have seriously thought of leaving Canada and more than half would discourage their children from becoming doctors.

They said they were sick of government interference and would consider leaving for increased income, greater professional opportunity, climate and lower taxes. A Quebec surgeon said, "My dreams are shattered...my patients are dying; they don't even know what I'm doing for them in the way of subsiding medicine, specifically my patients."

The survey found that Ontario doctors were the most militant in Canada and more than half of them were seriously considering opting out of the health plan. So far 35 per cent have opted out, compared with 16 per cent a year ago. A patient pays an opt-out physician the difference between the OHIP (Ontario Hospital Insurance Plan) fee rate and the doctor's fee. The CMA (Ontario Medical Association) has recommended a fee schedule 30 per cent above the OHIP schedule. It means that opt-out doctors may charge 30 per cent more for their services, although there's nothing to stop them from charging 100 per cent above OHIP fees. In Alberta and the three Atlantic provinces it is called balance billing and in Saskatchewan it is called Mode 3 fee for service. It means the same thing—that doctors may set their own fees.

As Alberta government survey indicates 25 per cent of the province's doctors are balance billing patients. The survey was commissioned after balance billing



more than 50 per cent of health care costs (\$60-65 in Ontario's case), and the federal government abdicated its role in the management of health costs.

For Joe Clark, the health care issue has been a disaster. The Progressive Conservative leader had been carefully avoiding the issue until Broadbent produced a 1979 document—Joe Clark on Social Justice and Social Order. He had proposed deterring loans up to \$300 a year to reduce "unnecessary visits to doctors" because "health insurance today encourages people to abuse the system."

Clark was embarrassed. He apparently had forgotten about his 1976 proposal and dismissed it as just an idea for discussion purposes. "I'm now satisfied a different fee is not a means to resolve the problem." He added he wouldn't have any specific proposals on health care until elected or elected.

But the health care issue is broader and far more complex and will continue to be an issue long after Trudeau, Clark and

CT scanner \$200,000, \$250,000 to run and between 1970 and 1975 costs increased 15 per cent a year.

It appears no relief is in sight. In fact, the system will become even more expensive. One reason is that lifestyles are drifting and the average age of the population is rising rapidly. More than eight per cent of the country's population is over 65 and that will climb to 12 per cent by the year 2000. An Ontario study found that people over 65 need, on a per capita basis, eight times the number of hospital beds, registered in younger people, and a Saskatchewan study predicts that by 1985 people over 65 will use 38 per cent of all radiologic services and 66 per cent of hospital days.

Another high-cost factor will be the new technology. It has enormous cost potential and enormous medical potential. One such example is the CT scanner (computerized axial tomography), which produces television-like pictures of the inside

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because an issue with the government raised doctors' fees 7.8 per cent in January. The doctors had demanded 20 to 30 per cent.

In Saskatchewan, where the 1999 gun ban is notorious in Canada, the stage is set for a confrontation after the government imposed an 8.5-per-cent increase in the doctors' Health Services Fee. Thorowgood tried to sweeten the pot with an additional 1.6-per-cent increase. "The doctors would sign extra billing patients, but the doctors said no and Thorowgood imposed the 8.5-per-cent settlement. Now, according to a poll of doctors taken by the Saskatchewan Medical Association, 90 per cent of the province's 1,100 doctors are using double billing.

Opening up extra billing, whatever the explanation doctors use for charging their patients more than government-set fee schedules, is without doubt an erosion of the principle of universal access to medical care. And the threat increases as the number of doctors charging more increases.

In Ontario, the OMA and the government are making a wary attempt at negotiation without confrontation and possible legislation. Typical of the approach is Ontario's \$4.90 per day charge for patients requiring chronic hospital care. Patients who cannot afford to pay are compensated by OHIP. The OMA has agreed that specialist doctors—whose medical specialties in some hospitals are opted out—will charge the lower OHIP rates if the patient is unable to pay.

"We believe the physician must have the freedom to set the worth of his own service," says Dr. Richard Morris, general secretary of the OMA. "But we also recognize that the patient must have the freedom to seek a doctor's service at the rate that is the fairest and most efficient. We think that while the physician must have the freedom, there's a collective responsibility to make sure the service is not denied and that everybody has equal access—start from the ability to pay."

The "gap" from the ability to pay is the catch. In Ontario, opt-out doctors perform 300,000 services a week, compared with 1.5 million services provided by doctors within the health plan. The trend in Alberta and Ontario, especially, is toward a certain test—market-place reductions. The emphasis is now placed on welcome for those who can afford it and another for those who cannot—unless those who cannot are able to prove to a doctor that they just can't afford the difference between what governments pay and what doctors demand.

"I don't think the public understands our problems," says Dr. Robert Clark, executive director of the Alberta Medical Association. "They have all been brainwashed into believing they are entitled to free medical care."

Most Canadians think that is why they pay taxes ☐



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Recreation

Marblemania delight: new fancy in the alleys

It used to be no sure sign of spring as the first robin. Little boys called it marble, slightly older ones called it marbles, and sophisticated kids or so called it alley. Today there are enthusiastic older still, who call it collecting, and are captivated all year around.

Marble collectors—there are hundreds in North America—have joined the dealer's music for finding, fling, mouthing and swapping scarce bits of antiquity. Bottles and horse brasses are in demand, so why not marbles? Besides, there's more to it than the sheer pleasure of collecting. At a recent auction in the American Midwest, a candy-size swirl marble fetched \$130, while a record price of \$900 went for a cobalt sapphire encasing a silver figure.

Bill and Ruth Van Drongelen began their collection of 50,000 toy spheres by accident. The couple who lives near Kitchener, Ontario, glanced down \$5 cents for a roadside stand under an alley at a local flea market. Now they hardly consider a vacation without first finding out where the marble world is meeting to buy and swap its wares. It might be the Marble Extravaganza in Prang, Texas, or how's a swap and swap meet.

"We've changed our lives," Ruth Van Drongelen says. "We used to drive straight through on trips, now we stop in every little town to look around the shops and talk to people." They've got antique dealers searching out items, and they buy and swap by mail.

They have got hand-whittled wooden marbles, and stone ones found at an Indian encampment near Bradford, colonial rods, Indian pearls, German seals, china, glass, a Canadian jade, and ceramic carpet balls, or bowls, for an indoor game played in 15th-century England. There are some from Kentucky and Tennessee where, a hundred years and more ago, parents made toys for their children by rolling down old settling jars and peering the swollen glass into mouths made for rifle balls.

Marbles have been around in one form or another since the time of the Pharaohs. Without doubt they were the forerunners of golf and billiards.

Among the most highly prized marbles today are handmade sulphide, clear glass with house figures shining like silver inside, and the cone-strip series. These were machine made, but prized because they were made only in 1838, the years of Little Orphan Annie, Sandy, Moon Mullins and others are etched on the surface.

Collectors and dealers don't like discussing costs, although they admit there can be an expensive hobby. A Toronto-area artist in glass, Karl Schmitt, makes marbles for collectors, charging from \$40 to \$500. But price tags aside, the joy of collecting seems to hold down to Bill Van Drongelen's remark, the re-revealing globes spilling through his fingers. "There're them, they're ready, whenever I want to look at them."

Elaine Pittenger



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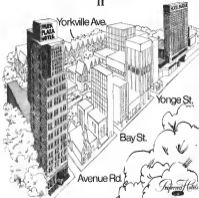
It was a brandy legal scene while it lasted. Motorists, nearing the point where they had acquired enough drink to get into the traffic jams, used to stall their way through the courts as a new offence until some of the original

points were wiped out. Impaired drivers knew the ropes too. They used to pose a court appearance until witnesses were unavailable, or until they had a conviction that made the lack of a flower less inconvenient.

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Neither traffic works anymore in Alberta. A three-year revamp of the provincial court system has given the province what's being billed as the most efficient lower court system in Canada. In Calgary, both traffic offenders and people charged with criminal offences are sped through the system in as little as three weeks. In Edmonton, traffic offenders are handled with equal speed, and criminal offenders lag only a little behind.

At its worst, Alberta was never as bad as New York City, where it can take five years for a case to reappear from first appearance to trial. But in the early 1990s, while the Kirby Board of Review was investigating the state of the court system, it was common for Alberta traffic offenders to wait six months for trial, while criminal cases took four months. The only exceptions were people held in custody, but in order to get their cases dealt with quickly, convicts else had to wait.

The beginning of the end of the bottleneck came with the appointment of a chief provincial judge, recommended by the Kirby commission. When he took the job, Edmonton Judge Allan Conway set himself the goal of getting people from first appearance to trial or preliminary hearing in six weeks. He not only surpassed his goal, he did it amid population explosions in Calgary and Edmonton that would normally have slowed proceedings even more.

Calgary claims to have won the race. The administrator there, Assistant Chief Judge Hubert Oliver, said that more courtrooms, judges, Crown counsel and support staff had made the speed-up possible. Traffic court, for instance, was moved out of the provincial criminal court building and into a nearby office building where hearing officers accept guilty pleas (without the accused having to appear in court) and set trial dates for those pleading not guilty. The new system started as an experiment in Calgary last May and

was so successful it was extended to Edmonton last October.

With two more Calgary courtrooms freed for criminal cases, and the number of judges increased from 10 to 15, other cases are also being dealt with more quickly. In addition, Calgary rearranged its courtroom functions so that summary convictions are separated from indictable offences.

"We used to send a rape preliminary, nine impaired driving cases and a forgery trial all into one courtroom," Judge Oliver explained. "Since the rape case was most important, it would go on first. But it might run all day and everybody else would have to come back again for the second day. We know an impaired case can be dealt with in 20 minutes, so we now book 18 summary conviction cases a day into each of two courtrooms and we rarely have a day when we don't reach all the cases scheduled." To prove they mean business, Calgary courts will go ahead with summary conviction cases — impaired driving, shoplifting, assault — without the accused or his lawyer being present.

"We're talking about a whole different world," commented B.C.'s chief judge Lawrence Gauthier recently on the Alberta changes. "Frankly, I'm amazed that a criminal trial can go as in three weeks." Judge Gauthier considers three months a reasonable length of time for a criminal case. He feels the legal profession needs more than three weeks to get its case together and that B.C. will never aim that low.

Alberta judges argue it's possible, however, given co-operation from both Crown and defence lawyers. Then too, say many Alberta judges, they work harder — no more golf-playing afterwards simply because the system has ground to a temporary halt. "We're working awfully hard," Judge Oliver said. "Judges on exchange here find it really tough. They want to get out fast and back where the pace is easier."

—Suzanne Szewansky



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Religion

One man's beef another man's soul

Groups of anxious Indians squinting in the dirt and the 38°C outside the Panary Ashram, a learning centre, have been watching a dangerous game of religious roulette. From inside came medical bulletins and news from Ashrams about the condition of the frail 80-year-old Gandhian leader who was slowly starving himself to death in his bleak room.

Ashrama Vinoba Bhave was threatening to kill himself in this slow and painful way in order to stop the slaughter of that sacred Hindu animal, the cow, in all parts of India. Already cows can be butchered in only two states, but the Ashrama was inspired by a vision three years ago of his mother, guiding him to ensure total protection for them.

After trying political pressure, the ashrama let his health run down and then stopped eating altogether. At risk was not only his own life, but the lives of dozens of innocent people who might be caught up in another Hindu-Muslim confrontation over this bitterly disputed issue. His fast lasted five days. Ashwagh millions of Hindus have worshipped cows for centuries, many of them—particularly the poor—eat beef in some areas, it is half the price of mutton, and is the only high-protein food source they can afford. But Mos-

lems have no religious scruples about beef-eating, and they deeply resent having Hindu practices forced upon them. The asharyas refused to concede these arguments, and even the threat of renewed religious violence did not sway him. "God will save the cow, but we also have a duty toward the cow whose milk we drink," he said simply.

In the stifling heat of his room, his followers placed mud on his stomach to cool him, and a team of doctors examined him daily. Every Indian newspaper carried front page reports. The level of acotone in his urine was increasing. He was sleeping less. He was in pain. His urine output had gone down. His field intake was low.

Conversely, a ban on cow slaughter would have the opposite effect to that intended by the asharyas: more of the sacred animals would die than are ever killed in India's few abattoirs—and this time, they would starve to death.

India has the largest cow population in the world—according to the 1974 census there were 178 million head of cattle, most of them miserable specimens. In cities, they wander aimlessly across busy roads, become a nuisance, chew their cud in the middle of traffic islands. Usually their bones are clearly stuck through their hides. In rural areas, their condition is often worse. In India produce only nine per cent of the world's milk. The economic argument has come to overshadow the religious one. Still, for devout Hindus the religious significance of the cow remains paramount. From a mention in the Veda, the sacred scripture handed down from legendary times, the cow has become a mystical mother figure, symbolically associated with the abundance of nature. Hindu children receive a nursery rhyme in which a cow recounts her multiple gifts to humankind—milk, dung, leather, bone buttons and so on—and ends by saying: "But of what use

Indians' cows: worshipped for centuries

see you, O man?" The cattle population is growing at the rate of 2.3 per cent per year—faster even than the natural one-million-a-month increase of Indians themselves. Already there is a fodder shortage, and this will surely get worse.

The weapon that the asharyas used—the hunger strike—was invented by the earliest Hindu sages, the rishis. In a country ravaged annually by starvation and death, this moral blackmail seems incongruous and absurd, yet in practice it is devastating.

It was this great Indian religious leader, Mahatma Gandhi, who lifted the weapon out of individual hands and gave it a national dimension. Gandhi challenged the might of the British empire by sipping water and brownstone of acids, his body gradually wasting away. He also challenged Hindu fanatics who, just before independence and partition, were slaughtering Moslems in the city of Calcutta. At the age of nearly 78, Gandhi went on a fast and he would not break it until the killing stopped. After only three days, Gandhi's emaciated body was on the verge of death. Gangs of thugs grew up and turned in their weapons.

From saving people, one of Gandhi's disciples has now turned to the protection of the body cow, and the powerful creature which has been the backbone of India's economy for hundreds of years, became the symbol of a possible configuration.

As has happened so often in the past, the blackmail was successful. India's Prime Minister Morarji Desai announced, at the eleventh hour, that he would bring in a constitutional amendment allowing the government to ban cow slaughter. Ashrama Vinoba broke his fast, and Moslem resentment increased. **Peter Newstead**

Just putting it down on paper

A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LINES

By Raymond Massey
J&H/Culture and Society \$17.95

When we last left Raymond Massey in the 1976 book *When I Was Tommy* he had returned from the Great War, abandoned the

family theatre business and announced to his family that acting would now be his life. His brother Vincent in particular (as though practicing the regal manner he would later need as governor-general) was not amused. Readers, however, were served pretty well by the story of not just returning, but of at least got a privileged look at a Toronto and a lifestyle long lost beyond recovery. The second and concluding volume of Massey's memoirs is so different, however, that one almost suspects a change in author.

The problem with the book is one Massey puts an unwitting finger on when discussing his early acting jobs in London: "All through the 1890s, the theatre in England was undergoing an important change," he writes. "Stylized, mannered plays were giving way to re-

alistic dramas and comedies, and actors had to make severe adjustments in their acting style." So it was with autobiographies, too. But Massey persists here in writing the old-fashioned kind, a dry account of his career mechanically set down. He goes out of his way to avoid private lives, especially his own.

Not that there aren't a few of the good anecdotes one expects in an old actor's book. He once shot craps with Wallis Simpson, who took him for his puke. And he finally got his revenge on his condescending brother. When Vincent was named governor-general in 1952 it was discovered at the last minute that no one knew how to put on the traditional costume, with its arcane arrangement of brooches, its spurs and various other pieces of tack. The author came to the rescue, having worn an almost identical getup in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. But such bits of anecdotes are few. It goes a long way toward explaining the dilemma by saying that Massey devotes more space to his late dog than to his wife. More passion, too. Fortunately, though, the career itself is not without interest.

Massey is still best known for a few famous characterizations: the detour in *Tings to Come*, TV's Dr. Gillespie and, of course, Sir Abe Lincoln. (When he first appeared as Lincoln, the *New York Daily Mirror* published an official endorsing the choice of a Canadian for

Massey in "Tings to Come", as Abe Lincoln and Dr. Gillespie: winning



the part. But the paper later backed down and Massey switched citizenship during World War III. In fact, Massey was often in the thick of interesting developments, if not precisely at the centre. One facet of his career was an ability to be memorable in memorable films, such as *East of Eden*. Also, he worked for years in the backlot Warner Brothers genre films, though these, he says, leave only "a blurred impression of acting one heavy after another, a procession of tedious villainy." This says a great deal about his priorities.

For years Massey was a comic on the London stage and later, in the U.S., a favorite of Katharine Cornell, and he devotes a disproportionate amount of space to theatre work few people remember. Chapter after chapter details the plots, casts and receptions scored plays few people would care about today. The cumulative effect is a portrait of Massey as a man, not often an opinionated fellow who's 88 and writing for the record.

David Fetherling

A Teddy bear in Panavision

THE RISE OF THE DOORIE ROOSEVELT
by Edmund Morris
(Longman Canada \$21.95)

When Theodore Roosevelt left to fight the Spanish-American war in the fading years of the last century he gave a toast: "To the Officers—may they get killed, wounded or promoted! It was as bold and brazen as himself. For Teddy, tough as a bear, dressed as a bullet, was the most useful president the United States has ever had. And if anyone doubts it they have only to read Edmund Morris's superb biography. Yes, the first of two volumes, takes Roosevelt's up to the White House. Already he had lived through more adventure and excitement than all of Washington's current crop of politicians put together. Carter, Kennedy, Reagan and Hiram are eBooks to his champagne.

Not that we would want to have him around right now. For his color was rarely tempered by restraint and like most geniuses he harbored disturbing notions. In 1896, when he was commissioner of police in New York City and his then beloved Republican party was badly beaten, the backbone Roosevelt wrote to one of his Civil War heroes, General James Harrison Wilson, in an "oblique rage": "If I were asked what the greatest boon I could confer upon this nation was, I should answer, an immediate war with Great Britain



live
love

from Johnston has been involved with selling water, broken up, and locked downtown. He has also been shot at and arrested. He is the United Church choir chaplain. In Ottawa, he has to march back who have corrected comes from the police, etc. He is in a hospital. It makes 2 offences.

But sometimes, the two parties don't want to go. When the 1000-ton railway bar who had parked at breakfast under went, Mr. Johnston got him out. "I had loads of friends who had been with me."

A lot of his work is with jumping. When the side work is gone, and when his parents want him to go, he jumps them together. Over 2000 young volunteers helped him, along with police forces, police the country of 100,000 people. They collected and several hundred books.

So far, Operation 1000 has helped more than 1,000 teenagers get home. One hundred, pressing through. Coligny with a piece of his book, recognized 2,000 and had to have three more before the 1000 agreed to his returning. Three days and six hours, he had to be in the hospital.

When that happens, Jean Johnston leads with his head down up at the occasion. He has more information about his work, and about other, who are helping people help themselves.

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Roosevelt just before Hawaii

During the Spanish-American war

An newly elected vice-president

for the conquest of Cuba. I want to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. I want to stop Great Britain seizing the mouth of the Orinoco. If she does it, then so do I. I want to take the entire valley of the St. Lawrence, the Saskatchewan, and the Colombia.... There were no half measures with Teddy. One can imagine that his reaction to the prospect of a left-leaning French-speaking independent state on his northern border might have been much as it was to the Spanish in Cuba.

This is a fat book, 684 pages with notes, bursting with a neologism and sufficient detail. It's a thriller rather than a political history. Roosevelt lived on Panamanian soil. As a teenager he was a nationally recognized authority on birds. By his mid-20s he had written an internationally acclaimed novel history. In his 30s he became a powerful political force, rising to an assistant secretary of the Navy to organize the Roosevelt Rough Riders and lead them in a mounted charge up a jungle-covered hill to victory in Cuba. In between he battled grizzlies and buffaloes, rescued America's first airplane from a political firestorm and strutted around the country in the latest dandling clothes. A Victorian man of value, a latter-day knight.

Of course he was a raked right winger able to say that he was appalled at the Democratic ability "to stare away from his razor toward the well-off, those who, whether through misfortune or through misconduct, have failed in life." He was congenitally unable to understand the poor. People who lacked wealth, even through misfortune, and failed in life. He never drank to excess, never smoked and lived a strictly moral private life, the greatest tragedy of which was the death of his first wife, Alice, after childbirth when she was only 28. After she died, he rarely ever

mentioned her name, blotting the enormous loss from his life. "Black care," Roosevelt wrote, "hardly sits behind a rider whose pace is fast enough." There was certainly no room for it on his saddle.

William Lowther

Interpretation, interpretation



A PERFECT VACUUM by Stanislaw Lem. Translated by M. David Kentel. (Langens Canada) \$10.25

Wreedy Mac is the product of the imagination of Serran N, a fictional character created by Miron Costel, an imaginary author. Costel's book is one of 10 concurrent works (interrelated in obscure but tantalizing ways) reviewed by Polish science-fiction writer Stanislaw Lem. Further, Lem's book opens with a review of itself that discusses reviews not really found in it. It's *Wreedy Mac* less read than Lem's review of the novel in which she "exists." What are we to make of it all?

And why bother to make anything of it? Because *A Perfect Vacuum* is fearlessly written, endlessly imaginative,

richly funny, profoundly self-knowing, surprisingly erudite and esoteric. Even Lem's false erudition reveals a breadth of non-knowledge few can claim. The book demonstrates that we want to make something of it because we humans are the demand for intelligibility.

The reviews present the contents of the books discussed with occasional learned commentary. The novels are fabulous tales in the best tradition of Borges (whom Lem acknowledges) or are parodies of contemporary literature. They concern, by and large, characters who create fictional worlds that become real. Several of the nonfiction books discuss cosmologies. One, for example, tells of research into sentient entities that exist solely as computer programs—we are led to see that it would be immoral to do and the computer run. Each of the reviews operates on several levels: metaphor, parody, self-speculation, philosophical discourse.

The over-all theme may be what is the ontological status of fictional entities (including Lem's book itself)? Because to write is both to create and to discover, and because (as Lem suggests) reading and criticizing also do this, reader, writer and critic merge to create it is to attempt to re-create the world the author has created. But who can be sure she is interpreting accurately? In the last few reviews we see that the scientist's world is also possible only within this circle of interpretation. The whole circle is present in Lem's book where author and critic-reader are in fact one. As Lem says, consciousness is "a mirror whose task it is to reflect other mirrors, which in turn reflect still others and so on in infinity." And many of the books reviewed concern characters facing this fact.

Yet this itself is only one interpretation of *A Perfect Vacuum*. The books and reviews present various interpreta-

tions of the act of interpretation, forcing us to take up explicitly the critic's task of making sense of the whole. We are driven (usually chafing) from one scheme to another, all plausible and then taken together requiring a higher level of criticism. The books reviewed present subtle variations of themes, developing, contradicting, enlightening, obscuring. It is maddening but only because the questions raised so clearly demand thought—we are inevitably all author-critic-readers of the text of the world. It would be rarely more if this review were a book and Lem and his book did not exist. To the joy of the literate world, *A Perfect Vacuum* does exist. Sort of.

David Weinberger

Waltzing around at zero gravity

STARDANCE

by Isidor and Jeanne Robinson
(Gravitas) \$12.95

Just as an exceptionally good brewer can be over-all a mediocre athlete, so *Stardance* is an exceptionally good science-fiction novel. The first story, published as a novella, was sci-fi Hugo award, a reliable sign of merit. The Robinsons, two Halifax writers, have combined their tale and the team is visible, hardly—the first three has more plot than the rest.

Since the narrator writes like Raymond Chandler on acid is fat man walks away "his retreating buttocks (like wrestling supporters)" and the characters are two-dimensional (carrying such dialogue as one of the dimensions), one would expect the plot to curdle the day, as is usual with sci-fi. Not here. The plot concerns the invention of ballet in zero gravity and the ability of these stardancers to communicate with mysterious phantoms. What do the phantoms want? Where do they come from? The plot answers these questions in a predictably cosmic way. If this were a detective novel, the butler would have done it.

What makes the book exceptionally good is its surreal, imaginative and convincing discussions of what it is like to live without gravity. Candles burn differently, bubbles behave oddly and grandly and human relationships are altered. The stardancers are the new breed who do not need an artificial, visored "face" to orient themselves when there is no gravity. Sci-fi readers are used to wading through third-rate literature to get at first-rate ideas. If you are a fan, this one is worth rolling up your trouser cuffs for.

David Weinberger

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Films

The way they talked till three

MARKESTAN
Directed by Woody Allen

Turbid spring shots of the Manhattan skyline. Gershwin playing. Landmark sights of the city that never sleeps, remarked in everybody's book of dreams: Radio City, Central Park, Yankee Stadium, the street detours and the delis. Voice-over of Isaac Davis (Woody Allen) trying to begin a novel about New York. Then the final shot of the magic skyline flaming with fireworks. Close your eyes and you can sleep for a century.

The nostalgia for Gershwin's Manhattan in Woody Allen's *Manhattan* is laced with irony. The characters in this comedy of confusion have to think everything out and they don't trust their instincts anymore. Isaac, a twice-divorced former TV writer is trying to write his novel while writing off his affair with the 17-year-old Tracy (Mariel Hemingway). She surprises him with a dizzy ride in Central Park in the dark and he keeps spelling the romantic moment by wondering whether it's too early. The people in *Manhattan* seem to have the world as their adversary but have never learned how to deal. Tracy can't figure out what all the emotional fuss with Isaac is. "We have laugh to-

gether. I care about you. Your concerns are my concerns. We have great sex." So what's the problem? Well, New Yorkers like Isaac have had so many cultural curve balls thrown their way that they've begun to mistrust their own feelings. A woman at an art opening says that when she had her first orgasm her doctor told her it was the wrong kind.

Isaac's ex-wife turned lesbian (Meryl Streep) is writing a book about their marriage breakup. Isaac's friend Yale (Michael Murphy) is having an affair with Mary (Diane Keaton): a neurotic intellectual who talks about art as having "a marvelous kind of negative capability" and dishes everyone from Nabokov to Muriel Mary, by her own admission, is bright, beautiful, has everything going for her and is "all f--- up." Yale drops her, Isaac picks her up, Isaac drops Tracy. In the movie's final scene, Tracy says in disbelief, "I can't believe you met someone you like more than me." Heard that, or felt it before?

Isaac's affair with Mary has its dreamy Gershwin moments (a long talk in the early morning light on a bench by the Queensboro Bridge, a startle tear of a posterwoman). But Mary begins to confuse her notions with her emotions and goes back for another fling with Yale.

Katzen and Allen at Queensboro Bridge: the great big city's a wasteland by

When Yale calls her and she doesn't want Isaac to know, she tells him it's an offer for dance lessons. Isaac casually comments, "They give you the first lesson free and then hook you for \$50,000." "You're making a big mistake," he tells her when it's over. "Why?" she asked. "Because," he says in disbelief, "you prefer this guy to me." Same church. Same pew, too. Isaac's beginning to learn.

Manhattan, shot in black and white by Gordon Willis, with a surferlike Gershwin score (*He Loves and She Loves, Embarrassed You*), is often funny in a very Woody Allen way. That's fine, but the humor can get in the way. The best things about *Manhattan* are also the best about *Annie Hall* and *Interiors*, an understanding of how attachments are formed, and an attempt to understand why they're severed, how people's newsways are manifestations of the world they live in. The acting's fine. The directing's clean. The writing (by Allen and Marshall Brickman) isn't larded with all that much wit. The script is actually contemporary. A fine punner, with few jokes. Lovely ending. Nice movie. Lawrence O'Toole

Some notes from the underground

THE RUBBER GUN
Directed by Alan Myhre

The best Canadian movies of the last few years—*Ship Trooper*, *Outrageous!* and *The Rubber Gun*, all of which incidentally had to look elsewhere for serious financing—contrast to the careful country they come from, dealing with violence, female impersonation, drugs, homosexuality and desperation. These movies live on the edge, manufacturing nervousness. It's as if the artists use their movies to get away from what Tom Wolfe called "the Canada of the soul"; they're trying to get out from under the cluck of the country itself.

Made two years ago, *The Rubber Gun* (street slang for a dope gun) is shot in a casual, visual style and spiked with energy. The characters play themselves. Steve (Steve LaLoe) is a charming artist who leads a "family" of users in a grungy area of Montreal. Pierre (Pierre Robert) lives with his wife Pam (Pam Robson) and their kid Rainbow (Rainbow), anxiously waiting for the



LaLoe, jacked-up silver-tongued devil

right time to nab a shipment smuggled away in a terminal locker. Peter (Peter Brerley) just waits and depends on the others, especially Steve, the family's cock-of-the-walk patriarch. The guys switch the attack. There's not much plot, but the movie hardly needs it; it has too hot a handle on the street, the characters, a dying dope culture, and the rich, wild wit these outsiders talk.

When Steve picks up a great sociology student named Ross (Alan Myhre) in a bookstore, they start seeing each other regularly and Ross begins observing, using the lens of the family for his thesis on the drug culture. But people, even the driven hard of *The Rubber Gun*, resist categorization. That's about the best thing you can say about the movie, too. And, with a little help from Lewis Purny's frenzied score, it moves at the pace of adrenalin.

The real triumph is Steve LaLoe's phenomenal performance as the wasted artist—a fast-talking bad Jewish boy, a Lenin threat with a message. What an original creation, even if it is himself: witty, shrewd, nervous, bony, extravagant, a hustler, a master of patter, a silver-tongued devil jacked up on life. Staggering. Like *The Rubber Gun*, a delicious reminder of a time that has passed so quickly, it seems, as the time it also took to turn on. L.O.T.

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Lobster? Champagne? Doughnuts? Beer? Nothing's too good for the Boys on the Bus

By Allen Fotheringham

On the Joe Clark campaign jet, they tell Joe Clark jokes. On the Trudeau campaign jet, they tell Joe Clark jokes. On the Broadbent jet, they tell Joe Clark jokes. The men who may be prime minister in two weeks have usurped the role of the Toronto Argonauts. He could unite the country by being the national punching bag. How do we know this? Because in the latest election campaign since Ted Kelly was a pup, the watchers have become the players. Society has reversed itself. Reporters who are supposed to take a view of anonymity when entering their strange craft, the press, are enjoying celebrity to their own bosoms, are now personalities. As the politicians become mere faceless automatons, the media stars of the campaign are the venerated male One has only to stroll along the main street of Upper Babbler Foot, Manitoba, behind a Bruce Phillips or Don McNeill—with dear little ladies clanking their frames and rattling souvenir their handcrafted trench coats—to realize the plight of the poor politician. He is plowing an ahead in his four-wheeled, his wings good for perhaps a four-year lifespan, while behind him darlings of the boob tube and byline are coming down for future \$2,500 appearances before the Loyal Order of Gorbals.

The person largely responsible for all this is a coffee youth named Timothy Crowe, sometimes reporter for *Rolling Stone*, who slyly covered the last Nova election by reporting instead on the reporters and wrote an immensely readable book called *The Boys on the Bus*. Every single reporter in Canada paid to sit in a coffee youth named Timothy Crowe, sometimes reporter for *Rolling Stone*, who slyly covered the last Nova election by reporting instead on the reporters and wrote an immensely readable book called *The Boys on the Bus*. Every single reporter in Canada paid to sit in a coffee youth named Timothy Crowe, sometimes reporter for *Rolling Stone*, who slyly covered the last Nova election by reporting instead on the reporters and wrote an immensely readable book called *The Boys on the Bus*.

member, regarding him as fairly akin to the bubonic plague, are dressing better and drinking less whatever his hard-necked presence howls to on the horizon. Any doubt as to the raw shores of striking in our life is dispelled with a stilt should the mother ship. After his first experience aboard the Trudeau jet last election, Canadian Press reporter Michael Levine cosided the Liberals had everything available "except a salt lick." On the Clark DC-9—where reporters call themselves *The Wimp Watch*—lobster was served at midnight on the



run in from Halifax. On an anxious breakfast flight from Toronto to Trenton, there was orange juice and champagne. Thanks to Calgary developer Brad Chagnon and Toronto lawyer Art Lynn, two successful men who act as silent-lion mothers to *The Wimp Watch* and add an air of professionalism to the otherwise boy Clark crew, every small need is satisfied. Beer? Always there on the bus. Doughnuts? Peanut? Last year rubbers? Forget to scrub behind your ears? All relevant. Politics, such as research on riding candidates, is dubbed up. You are not old enough to set an alarm? The Clark, treacle knocka on your door, activates the wake-up call and—should you still be comatose—phones you to make sure the curfew is in, missing the bus, never happens. The press is no longer responsible for itself. The press is a resource to be utilized for the greater good of the candidate and therefore must be coaxed, fed, purged and managed.

Ink-stained wretches who can't fix their own shan live for a few brief stan-

ing wishes as though they were J.P. Morgan. Doug Fisher, the sage columnist who can sidestep an entire set of the mental excess of Ottawa, plays catch in the aisle of the Trudeau plane. Patrick Gossage, a Trudeau aide, attempts to retrieve a Penlon from atop the bus, falls and breaks his elbow. Jessica Swartz, a blonde face from NBC, joins the Clark camp-followers and is awarded All the packing choices for the U.S. TV crews, and notes, are performed by Alaska. Trudeau reporters must wear red dog tags around their necks. *The Wimp Watch* on the Clark plane wears nothing content-like butterfly fanciers—to collect a new Clarkson. Today it is "evidentary," to go along with "specificity," "notatory" and "I wouldn't want to be wrongly accused."

The No. 1 paperback read in *The World Accord* was to *Guyp*. The cruel songs roll on: *The Spirit of High Five* (or, You Can't Stop When You Got No Cans). Stylish chaos is added to the Clark demomothering set by Pierrette Lucas, former Tory candidate in Verdun. The Liberals counter with Suzanne Perry, a one-time New York singer who conveys the party good looks of Jane Fonda with the tongue of Dorothy Parker. Can there be girls aboard the boys' bus? When Ottawa goes seven travel to the airport each weekend to collect the sagging greyness and limp torques of the shaggy Suzanne in hidden in the luggage rack. Lauren Gillies dresses in the aisle at midnight as the Clark band jams.

Doug Smith, a CP reporter with a Saskatchewan United Church soles, known as the George Jess Nelson of journalism, is sought by both parties for his gifts as a lyricist. The *Washington Post* once asked, heavy columnist David Broder and former *Manitou* correspondent Duane Doder. Clark, smarting from his world tour debacle, seeks out reporters to shut up. Trudeau, never more friendly, jokes and sings along with naughty ditties. Somebody's guns wrong here. The only interesting thing is this interesting election are the actors who are covering it.



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